

THE WHITE DEVIL,

OR,

The Tragedy of *Paulo Giordano
Ursini*, Duke of Brachiano,

With

The Life, and Death, of *Vittoria
Corombona*, the famous
Venetian Curtizan.

As it hath bin diuers times Acted, by the Queenes
Maesties seruants, at the Phœnix, in
Drury-lane.

Written by JOHN WEBSTER.

Non inferiora secutus.

LONDON,

Printed by I. N. for Hugh Perry, and are to be sold
at his shop at the signe of the Harrow in
Bristaine-burse. 1631.





To the Reader.



N publishing this Tragedy, I doe but challenge to my selfe that liberty , which other men haue ta'ne before me ; not that I affect praise by it, for, nos hæc nouimus esse nihil: onely since it was acted, in soe open, and blacke a Theater, that it wanted (that which is the onely grace and setting out of a Tragedy) a full and understanding Auditory : and that, since that time, I haue noted; most of the people that cometo that Playhouse, resemble those ignorant asses (who visiting Stationers shoppes their use is not to inquire for good bookes but new bookes) I present it to the generall view with this confidenc.

Nec Rhoncos mactus maligniorum,
Nec Scombris tunicas dabis molestas.

If it bee objected this is no true Dramaticke Poem, I shall easily confess it; non potes in nugas dicere plura meas: Ipse ego quam dixi willingly, and not ignorantly, in this kind haue I faulted: for should a man present to such an Auditory the most sententious Tragedy that euer was written, obseruing all the criticall lawes, as height of stile; and grauity of person; enrich it with the sententious Chorus, and as it

To the Reader.

were life'n Death, in the passionate and naughty Nuntius :
yet after all this diuine rapture; O dura messorum ilia, the
breath that comes from the uncapable multitude, is able to
poison it, and ere it be alced, let the Author resolute to fixe
to every scene, this of Horace,

---- Hæc hodie Porcis comedenda relinques.

To those, who report I was a long time, in finishing this
Tragedy, I confess, I doe not write with a goose-quill, winged
with two feathers, and if they will needes make it my fault,
I must answere them, with that of Eurypides to Alcestides,
a Tragick writer : Alcestides objecting that Eurypides
had onely in three daies composed three verses, whereas him-
selfe had written three hundred : Thou telst truth(qnoth he)
but here's the difference, thine shall onely be reade for three
dayes, whereas mine shall continue three ages.

Detractiōn is the sworne friend to ignorance : For mine
owne part I haue euer truly cherisht my good opinion of other
mens worthy Labours, especially of that full and heightned
stile of Master Chapman: The labour'd & understanding
workes of Master Jonson: The noe lesse worthy compositions
of the both worthily excellent Master Beaumont, & Master
Fletcher : And lastly (without wrong last to be named) the
right happy, and copious industrie of M. Shake-speare, M.
Decker, and M. Heywood, wishing, what I write, may be
read by their light : Protesting, that, in the strength of mine
owne judgement, I know them so worthy, that though I rest
silent in my owne worke, yet to most of theirs I dare (with-
out flattery) fixe that of Martiall.

---- non norunt Hæc monumenta mori.



THE TRAGEDIE OF PAVLO GIORDANO

*Ursini Duke of Brachiano, and Vittoria
Corombona.*

Enter Count Lodouico, Antonelli, and Gasparo.

Lodouico.

BAnisht? *Anto.* It greeu'd me much to heare
the sentence.
Lodo. Ha, ha, o *Democritus*, thy Gods
That gouerne the whole world, Courtly re-
ward, and punishment Fortun's a right whore.
If shee give ought, she deales it in small parcels,
That she may take away all at one swope.
This 'tis to haue great enemies, God quit them:
Your wolfe no longer seemes to be a wolfe
Then when shee's hungry. *Gas.* You tearne those enemies
Are men of Princely ranke? *Lod.* Oh I, pray for them.
The violent thunder is adored by those
Are past in peeces by it. *Anto.* Come my Lord,
You are iustly doom'd; looke but a little backe
Into your former life: you haue in three yeares
Ruin'd the Noblest Earledome. *Gas.* Your followers
Haue swallowed you like Mummia, and being sicke
With such vnnaturall and horrid Phisicke,
Yomit you vp i'th kennell. *Anto.* All the damnable degrees

B

Of

Vittoria Corombona.

Of drinkings haue you, staggerd through one Cittizen,
Is Lord of two faire Manors, call you master
Only for Cauiare. *Gaf.* Thole Noblemen
Which were invited to your prodigall feastes,
Wherein the Phenix scarce could scape your throates,
Laugh at your misery, as fore-deeming you,
An idle Meteor which drawne forth the earth,
Would be soone lost i'th aire. *Anto.* Jeast vpon you,
And say you were begotten in an Earthquake,
You haue ruin'd such faire Lordships. *Lodo.* Very good.
This well goes with two buckets, I must tend
The powring out of either. *Gaf.* Worse then these,
You haue acted, certaine Murders here in Rome,
Bloody and full of horror. *Lod.* Las they were flea-bitinges?
Why tooke they not my head then? *Gaf.* O my Lord
The law doth sometimes mediate, thinkes it good.
Not euer to steepe violent sinnes in blood,
This gentle penance may both end your crimes,
And in the example better these bad times.

Lod. So, but I wonder then some great men scape
This banishment: ther's *Paulo Giordano Visini*;
The Duke of *Brachiano*, now liues in Rome,
And by close Pandarisme seekes to prostitute
The honour of *Vittoria Corombona*,
Vittoria, she that might haue gott my pardon
For one kisse to the Duke. *Anto.* Haue a full man within you:
We see that Trees beare no such pleasant fruite
There where they grew first, as where they are new set.
Perfumes the more they are chaf'd, the more they render
Their pleasing sent, and affliction
Expreffeth vertue, fully, whether true,
Or else adulterate. *Lod.* Leaue your painted comforts
Ile make Italian cut-workes in their guts
If euer I returne. *Gaf.* O Sir. *Lod.* I am patient,
I haue scene some ready to be executed,
Giae pleasant lookes, and money, and growne familiar
With the knaue hangman, so do I, I thanke them,

And

Vittoria Corombona.

And would account them nobly mercifull
Would they dispatch me quickly. *Anto.* Fare you well,
Wee shall finde time I doubt not to repeale
Your bannishment. *Lod.* I am cuer bound to you : Enter
Senate.
This is the worlds alnes ; pray make vse of it,
Great men sell sheep, thus to be cut in peeces.
When first they haue shorne them bare, and sold their fleeces.

Exeunt.

*Enter Brachiano, Camillo, Flaminco, Vittoria
Corombona.*

Bra. Your best of rest. *Vit.* Unto my Lord the Duke,
The best of welcome More nights : Attend the Duke.

Bra. Flaminco. Fla My Lord. *Era.* Quite lost *Flaminco.*
Fla. Puisue your noble wishes, I am prompt
As lightning to your seruice, O my Lord !

The faire *Vittoria*, my happy Sister
Shall give you present audience, gentlemen, whisper.
Let the caroach goe on, and 'tis his pleasure
You put out all your torches, and depart.

Bra. Are we so happy ? *Fla.* Can't be otherwise ?
Obseru'd you not to night my honor'd Lord
Which way so ere you went, she threw her eyes,
I haue dealt already with her chamber-maid
Zanche the Moore, and she is wondrous proud
To be the agent for so high a spirit.

Bra. We are happy above thought, because 'boue merit.
Fla. 'Boue merit ! wee may now talke freely : 'boue merit ;
what i' st you doubt her Coynesse that's but the superficies of lust
most women haue ; yet why should Ladies blush to heare that
nam'd, which they do not feare to handle ? O they are politike,
They know our desire is increased by the difficulty of injoying ;
where a satiety is a blunt : weary and drowsie passion, if the But-
tery hatch at Court stood continually open there would bee no-
thing so passionate crowding, nor hot stit after the beuerage.

Bra. O but her iealous husband

Fla. Hang him, a guilder that hath his braynes perisht with
quicke- B 2

Vittoria Corombona.

quicke-siluer is not more cold in the liuer. The great Barriers
mouited not more feathers, then he hath shad haires, by the con-
fession of his Doctor. An Irish Gaunster that will play himselfe
naked, and then wage all downwards, at hazard, is not more ven-
terous. So vnable to please a woman that like a dutch doublet, all
his backe is shrunke into his breeches.

Shrowd you within this closer, good my Lord,
Some ricket now must be thought on to diuide
My brother in law from his faire bed-fellow.

Bra. O should she faile to come.

Fla. I must not haue your Lordship thus vnwisely amorous :
I my selfe haue loued a Lady, and pursued her with a great deale
of vnder-age protestation, whom, some 3 or 4 gallants that haue
enjoyed, wold with all their hearts haue bin glad to haue bin
rid of : 'Tis iust like a summer bird-cage in a Garden, the birds
that are without, despaire to get in, and the birds that are within,
despaire, and are in a consumption for feare they shall never get
out : away, away my Lord,

Enter Camillo.

See here he comes; this fellow by his apparrell
Some men would judge a polititian,
But call his wit in question, you shall finde it
Meereley an Asse in's foot cloath.

How now brother? what trauailing to bed to your kinde wife?

Cam. I assure you brother no; My voyage lyes
More Northerly, in a farre colder clime;
I doe not well remember, I protest, when I last lay with her.

Fla. Strange you shonld loose your Count.

Cam. Wee never lay together, but ere morning
Their grew a flaw betweene vs. *Fla.* T'had bin your part
To haue made vp that flaw.

Cam. True, but she loathes I shoule bee seene in't.

Fla. Why sir, what's the matter?

Cam. The Duke your master visits me I thanke him,
And I perceiue how like an earnest bowler,
He very passionately leanes that way,
He shoule haue his bowle run.

Fla. I hope you doe not thinke.

Camillo.

Vittoria Corombona.

Cam. That noble men bowle boote, Faith, his cheeke
Hath a most excellent Bias, it would faine jumpe with my mistris

Fla. Will you be a asse.

Despight you *Aristotle*, or a Cuckold.

Contrary to your *Ephemerides*,

Which shewes you vnder what a smiling Planet

You were first swadled,

Cam: Pew wew, Sir tell not me
Of Planets nor of *Ephemerides*:

A man may be made Cuckold in the day time

When the Stars eyes are out. *Fla.* Sir God boy you,

I do committ you to your pittifull pillow

Stuff with horne-shauings. *Cam* Brother. *Fla.* God refuse me

Might I aduise you now, your onely course

Were to locke vp your wife. *Cam.* T'were very good.

Fla. Bar her the light of reuels. *Cam.* Excellent.

Fla. Let her not goe to Church, but like a hound
In Leon at your heeles. *Cam.* 'Twere for her honour.

Fla. And so you should be certayne in one fortnight,
Despight her chastity or innocence,
To bee Cuckolded, which yet is in suspence:
This is my counsell, and I aske no fee for't,

Cam. Come you know not were my night-cap wringes mee.

Fla. Weare it ath' old fashion, let your large eares come
through, it will be more easy, nay I will be bitter barre your wife
of her entretaynment: women are more willinglie & more glo-
riously chaste, when they are least restrayned of their libertie. It
seemes you would be a fine Capricious Mathematically iealous
Coxcombe, take the height of your owne hornes with a *Jacobs*
staffe afore they are vp. These politicke inclosures for paltry
mutton, makes more rebellion in the flesh, then all the pro-
uocative Electuaries Doctors haue vttered since last Iubilee.

Cam. This doth not phi cke me,

Fla: It seemes you are iealous, let shew you the error of it by
a familiar example: I haue seene a paire of spectacles fashiond
with such perspective art, that lay downe but one twelue pence
a b'ord, 'twill appeare as if there were twenty, now should you

Vittoria Corombona.

weare a paire of these spectacles; and see your wif tying her shooe, you would Imagine twenty hands were taking vp of your wiues clothes, and this would put you into a horrible causlesse fury,

Cam. The fault there Sir is not in the eye-sight.

Fla. True, but they that haue the yellow Janudise, thinke all obiects they looke on to bee yellow. Jealousy is worse, he fit's present to a man, like so many bubbles in a Basin of water, twenty seuerall crabbed faces, many times makes his owne shadow his cuckold-maker. * See she comes, what reason haue you to be jealous of this creature? what an ignorant ass or flattering knaue might he be counted, that shold write sonnets to her eyes; or call her brow, the snow of Ida, or Luorie of Corinth, or compare her haire to the blacke-birds bill, when'tis liker the black-birds feather. This is all: Be wise, I will make you freinds: and you shall go to bed together, marry looke you, it sha not be your seeking, do you stand vpon that by any meanes, walk you a loofe; I would not haue you scene in't. sister my Lord attends you in the banqueting house, your husband is wondrous discontented.

Utr. I did nothing to displease him, I carued to him at supper-time.

Fla. You need not haue carued him infaith, they say hee is a capon already; I must now seemingly fall out with you. Shall a Gentleman so well descended as *Camillo*. — a lousy slave that within this twenty yeares rode with the blacke guard in the Dukes carriage' mongst spits and dripping-pannes.

Cam. Now he begins to tickle her.

Fla. An excellent scholler, one that hath a head fild with calues braynes without any sage in them, — come crouching in the hams to you for a nights lodgning — that hath an itch in's hams which like the fire at the Glasse house hath not gone out this scauen yeares — is hee not a Courtly Gentleman, — when he weares white Sattin, one would take him by his blacke mussel to be no other creature then a maggot, you are a goodly Foile, I confess, well set out — but couer'd with a false stome you counterfaite dyamond,

Cam.

Vittoria Corombona

Cam. He will make her know what is in mee.

Fla. Come, my Lord attends you; thou shalt go to bed to my Lord. *Cam.* Now he comes to't.

Fla. With a relish as curious as a vintner going to taste new wine, I am opening your case hard.

Cam. A vertuous brother on my credit.

Fla. He will giue thee a ringe, with a Philosophers Stone in it.

Cam. Indeede I am studying Alcumye.

Fla. Thou shalt lye in a bed stufft with turtles feathers, swoone in perfumed linnen, like the fellow was smothered in roses, so perfect shall be thy happiness, that as men at Sea thinke. land and trees and shippes go that way they go, so both heauen. and earth shall see me to go your voyage. Shal't meete him, tis fixt, with nayles of dyamonds to ineuitable necessitie.

Vitto. How shal's rid him hence?

Fla. I will put brees in's tayle, set him gadding presentlie; I haue almost wrought her to it, I find her coimming, but might I aduise you now for this night I would not lye with her, I would crosse her humor to make her more humble.

Camil. Shall I, shall I?

Fla. It wil shew in you a supremacie of judgement.

Camil. True, and a mind differing from the tumultuary opinion, for, *qua negata, grata.*

Fla. Right: you are the Adamant shall draw her to you, though you keepe distance of:

Camil. A philosophicall reason

Fla. Walke by her a'the Noble mans fashion, and tell her you will lye with her at the end of the Progresse

Camil. *Vittoria,* I cannot be induc'd, or as a man would say, incited. *Vitto.* To do what Sir?

Camil. To lye with you to night; your silke worme vseth to fast euery third day, and the next following, spinnes the better. To morrow at night I am for you.

Vitto. You'le spinne a faire th'ead, trust to't.

Fla. But do you heare, I shall haue you steale to her chamber about midnight.

Camil. Do you thinke so; why looke you brother, because you

Vittoria Corombona.

you shall not thinke ile gull you, take the key, locke me into the chamber, and say you shall be sure of me.

Fla. Introath I will, i'e be your Taylor once,
But haue you never a false doore.

Cam. A pox on't, as I am a Christian, tell me to morrow how scuruely she takes my vnkind parting.

Fla. I will. *Cam.* Didst thou not make the ieast of the silke-worme? goodnight, infaith I will vse this tricke often.

Fla. Do, do, do.

So now you are safe. Ha, ha, ha, thou intanglest thy selfe in thine owne worke like a silke-worme

Exit Camillo.

Come sister, darkenesse hides your blushe, women are like curst dogges, cruelty keepes them tyed all day time, but they are let loose at midnight, then they do most good or most mischeefe my Lord, my Lord

Bra. Give credit: I could wish time would stand still.
And neuer end this enteruew this hower, zache brings out a carpet
But all delight doth it selfe son'st deuoure. Spreads it and layes on
Let me into your bosome happy Lady, it two faire Cushions.
Powre out instead of eloquence my vowes, Enter Cornelio.
Loose me not Madam, for if you forgoe me I am lost eternally.

Vit. Sir, in the way of pitty I wish you heart-whole.

Bra. You are a sweet Phisitian.

Vit. Sure sir a loathed cruelty in Ladies
Is as to Doctors many funerals: It takes away their credit.

Bra. Excellent Creature.

We call the cruell fayre, what name for you
That are so mercifull? *Zan.* See now they close.

Fla. Most happy vnion.

Cor. My feares are falne vpon me, oh my heart!
My sonne the pandar: now I find our house
Sinking to ruine. Earth-quakes leaue behind,
Where they haue tyranniz'd, iron, lead, or stone,
But woe to ruine violent lust leaues none.

Bra. What value is this Lewell?

Vit. 'Tis the ornament of a weake fortune.

Bra. In sooth i'e haue it; nay I will but change

My

Vittoria Corombona.

My Iewell for your Iewell. *Fla.* Excellent,
His Iewell for her Iewell, well put in Duke.

Bra. Nay let me see you weare it. *Vit.* Here sir.

Bra. Nay lower, you shall weare my Iewell lower.

Fla. That's better she must weare his Iewell lower.

Vit. To passe away the tyme, i'le tell your Grace
A dreame I had last night. *Bra.* Most wishedly.

Vit. A foolish idle dreame:

Me thought I walke about the mid of night,
Into a Church-yard, where a goodly *Ewe* Tree
Spred her large roote in ground, vnderthat *Ewe*,
As I sate sadly leaning on a graue,
Checkered with crosse-stickes, there came stealing in
Your Dutchesse and my husband, one of them
A Picax bore, th' other a Rusty Spade,
And in rough termes they 'gan to challenge me,
About this *Ewe*. *Bra.* That Tree.

Vit. This harmelssse *Ewe*,
They told me my intent was to root vp
That well-growne *Ewe*, and plant i'th steed of it
A wither'd blacke-thorne, and for that they vow'd
To bury me aliue: my husband straight
With picax 'gan to dig, and your fell Dutchesse
With shouell, like a Furie, voyded out
The earth, and scattered bones: Lord how me thought
I trembled, and yet for all this terror
I could not pray. *Fla.* No, the Diuell was in your dreame.

Vit. When to my rescue there arose me thought
A whirlewind, which let fall a massy arme
From that strong plant;
And both were strucke dead by that sacred *Ewe*
In that base shallow graue that was their due.

Fla. Excellent Diuell!
She hath taught him in a dreame
To make away his Dutchesse, and her husband.

Bra. Sweetely shall I interprete this your dreame,
You are ledgd within his armes who shall protect you,

Vittoria Corombona.

From all the feauers of a Ialous Husband,
From the poore enuy of our flegmaticke Dutchesse,
I'le seate you aboue law and aboue scandall;
Giue to your thoughts the iauention of delight
And the fruition, nor shall government
Divide me from you longer, then a care
To keepe you great: you shall to me at once,
Be Dukedom, health, wife, children, friends, and all.

Cor. Woe to light hearts they still forerun our fall.

Flam. What fury rais'd thee vp? away, away. *Exit Zancho.*

Cor. What make you here my Lord this dead of night?
Neuer dropt meldeu on a flower here, till now.

Flam. I pray, wil you go to bed then,
Leaſt you be blaſted. *Cor.* O that this faire garden,
Had all poſoned heaſbes of *Theſſaly*,
At firſt bene planted, made a nursery
For wiſch-craft; rather a buriall plot
For both your Honours. *Vit.* Deareſt mother heare me.

Cor. O thou doſt make my brow bend to the eartch,
Sooner then nature; ſee the curse of children,
In life they keepe vs frequently in teares.
And in the cold grane leaues vs in pale feares,

Brac. Come, come, I will not heare you.

Vit. Deere my Lord,

Cor. Where is thy Dutchesſe now adulterous Duke?
Thou little dreamd'ſt this night ſhee is come to Rome?

Flam. How? come to Rome, Vſſ, The Dutchesſe.

Brac. She had bene better,

Cor. The liues of Princes ſhould like dyals moue,
Whose regular example is fo ſtrong,
They make the times by them goe right, or wrong.

Flam. So, haue you done? *Cor.* Unfortunate *Camille*.

Vit. I do protest, if any chaſt deniall,
If any thing but bloud, could haue alayed
His long ſuite to me.

Cor. I will ioyne with thee,
To the moſt wotull end ere mother kneeld,

Vittoria Corombona.

If thou dishonour thus thy husbands bed,
Be thy life short as are the Funerall teares
In great mens. *Bra.* Eye, fyc, the woman's mad.
Cor. Be thy act *Iudas-like*, betray in kissing,
Mkest thou be cauied during his short breath,
And pittied like a wretch after his death.

Vit. O me accurst.

Exit Vittoria.

Fla. Are you out of your wits, my Lord,
Ile fetch her backe againe? *Bra.* No i'le to bed.
Send Doctor *Tulio* to me presently,
Uncharitable woman thy rash tongue
Hath rais'd a fairefull and prodigious storme,
Be thou the cause of all ensuing harme. *Exit Brachiano.*

Flam. Now, you that stand so much vpon your honour,
Is this a fitting tyme a night thinke you,
To send a Duke home without ere a man?
I would faine know where lies the masse of wealth
Whiche you haue Whored for my maintenance,
That I may beare my beard out of the leuell
Of my Lords Stirrup. *Cor.* What? because we are poore,
Shall we be vicious? *Flam.* Pray what meanes haue you
To keepe me from the Galies, or the Gallowes:
My father prou'd himselfe a Gentleman,
Sold al's land, and like a fortunate fellow,
Died ere the money was spent. You brought me vp,
At *Padua* I confessie, where I protest
For want of meanes, the Vniuersity judge me,
I haue bene faine to heele my Tutores stockings
At least seuen yeares; Conspiring with a beard
Made me a Graduate, then to this Dukes seruice,
I visited the Court, whence I return'd:
More courteous, more letcherous by farre,
But not a suite the richer, and shall I,
Hauing a path so open, and so free
To my preferment, still retaine your milke
In my pale forehead, no, this face of mine
I'll arme and fortifie with lusty wine,

C 2

Gaint

Vittoria Corombona.

*Gainst shame and blushing.

Cor. O that I ne're had borne thee.

Fla. So would I.

I would the common'ſt Curtezan in *Rome*,
Had bene my mother rather then thy ſelfe.
Nature is very pittifull to whores,
To giue them but few children, yet thofe children
Plurality of fathers, they are ſure
They ſhall not want. Go,go,
Complaine vnto my great Lord Cardinall,
It may be hee will iuftifie the act.

Lycnrgus wondred much, men would prouide
Good stallions for their Mares, and yet wou'd ſuffer
Their faire wiues to bee barren.

Cor. Mifery of miferies. *Exit Cornelio.*

Flam. The Dutchesſe come to Court? I like not that,
Weare ingag'd to miſchiefe and muſt on.

As Riuers to finde out the Ocean
Flow with crooke bendings beneath forced bankes;
Or as we ſee to aſpire ſome mountaines top,
The way ascends not ſtraight but imitates
The ſubtile foldings of a Winter ſnake;
So who knowes pollicy and her true aſpect,
Shall finde her waies winding, and indireſt. *Exit.*

Enter Francisco de Medicis, Cardinall Mountcello, Marcello,

Isabella, young Giouanni, with little Jaques the Moore.

Fra. Haue you not ſeen your husband ſince you arriued?

Isa. Not yet Sir. *Fra.* Surely hee is wonderfull kinde;

If I had ſuch a Doue-houſe as Camillo's,
I would ſet fire on't, wer't but to deſtroy
The Pole-cats that haunt to't, — my ſweete Cousin.

Gio. Lord vncle you did promife me a horſe,
And armour. *Fra.* That I did my pretty Cousin,
Marcella ſee it fitted. *Mar.* My Lord the Duke is here.

Fra. Sister away, you muſt not yet be ſene.

Isa. I doe beſeech you, intreat him mildly,
Let not your rough tongue

Vittor. a Corombona

Set vs at louder variance, all my wrongs
Are freely pardoned, and I doe not doubt
As men to trie the precious Vnicornes Horne,
Make of the Powder a preseruatiue circle,
And in it put a spider: so these armes
Shall charme his poyson, force it to obeying,
And keepe him chast from an infected straying.

Fra. I wish it may. Begone. *Exit.*

Enter Brachiano, and Flaminco.

Voyd the chamber:

You are Welcome, will you sit, I pray my Lord,
Be you my Orator, my hearts too full,
I'le second you anon. *Mont.* E're I beginne,
Let me intreat your Grace forgoe all passion
Which may be raised by my free discourse.

Bra. As silent as i'th Church you may proceed.

Mont. It is a wonder to yoar Noble friends,
That you hauing as 'twere entred the world,
With a free Scepter in your able hand,
And haue to th'ase of Nature, well applyed
High gifts of learniing, should in your prime-age
Neglect your awfull throne, for the soft downe
Of an insatiate bed. oh my Lord ,
The Drunkard after all his lauish cuppes,
Is dry, and then is sober: soe at length,
When you awake from this lasciuious dreame.
Repentance then will follow; like the sting
Plac't in the Adders tayle : wretched are Princes
When Fortune blasteth but a petty flower
Of their vweldy crownes; or rauisheth
But one pearle from their Scepters: but alas !
When they to wilfull shipwracke loose good fame,
All Princely titles perish with their name.

Bra. You haue sayd my Lord: *Mont.* Enough to give you taſt
How farre I am from flattering your greatnessſe

Bra. Now you that are his ſecond, what ſay you ?
Doe not like young Hawkes fetch a courſe about

Vittoria Corombona.

Your game flies faire and for you, *Fran.* Doe not feare it:
I leant were you in your owne hawking phrase.
Some Eagles that should gaze vpon the Sunne,
Seldome soare high, but take their lustfull ease;
Since they from dunghill birds their prey can ceaze,
You know Vittoria, Brac. Yes,
Fran. You shift your shirt there,
When you retire from Tennis. *Brac.* Happely.

Fran. Her husband is Lord of a poore fortune
Yet she weares Cloth of Tissue, *Brac.* What of this?
Will you vrge that, my good Lord Cardinall
As part of her confession, at next Shrist,
And know from whence it sailes. *Fran.* She is your Strumpet,

Brac. Vnciuill Sir, ther's Hemlocke in thy breath
And that blacke slander, were she a whore of mine,
All thy loud Cannons, and thy borrowed Switzers,
Thy Gallies, nor thy sworne confederates,
Durst not supplant her. *Fran.* Let's not talke on Thunder,
Thou hast a wife, our sister; would I had giuen
Both her white hands to death, bound, and lockt fast
In her last winding sheete, when I gaue thee
But once. *Brac.* Thou hadst giuen a soule to God then.

Fran. True,
Thy ghostly father with all's absolution,
Shall ne're do so by thee. *Brac.* Spit thy poyson.

Fran. I shall not need, Lust carries her sharpe whippe
At her owne girdle, looke to't, for our anger
Is making thunder-bolts. *Brac.* Thunder? infaith?
They are but crackers. *Brac.* We'e'l end this with the Cannons.

Brac. Thou'l get nought by it, but iron in thy wounds,
And Gunpowder in thy nostrils. *Fran.* Better that,
Then change perfumes for plaisters, *Brac.* Pitty on thee,
'Twere good yo'ld shew your slaves, or men condemn'd,
Your new plow'd fore-head defiance, and I 'le meete thee,
Euen in a thicket of thy ablest men.

Mon. My Lord, you shall not word it any further
Without a milder limit. *Fran.* Willingly.

Victoria Corombona.

Brae. Haue you proclaimid a Triumph that you baite at
Lyonthus. *Mon.* My Lord. *Brae.* I am tame, I am tame, Sir

Fiam. We send vnto the Duke for conference

Bout leauyes 'gainst the Pyrates, my Lord Duke

Is not at home, we come our selfe in person,

Still my Lord Duke is busied, but we feare

When Tyber to each prouing passenger

Discouers flockes of wild-duckes. then my Lord

'Bout moulting time, I meane, wee shall be certaine

To finde you sure enough, and speake with you. *Brae.* Ha?

Fiam. A mere tale of a tub, my wordes are idle,

Bnt to expresse the Sonnet by naturall reason. *Enter Giovannis*

When Stagges grow melancholike you'll finde the season.

Mon. No more my Lord, here coames a Champion

Shall end the difference betweene you both,

Your sonne, the Prince *Giovanni*; see my Lords

What hopes you store in him, this is a casket

For both your Crowns, and should be held like deere :

Now is he apt for knowledge, therefore know

It is a more direct and eu'en way,

To traine to vertue those of Prince'ly bloud;

By examples then by precepts: if by examples,

Whom should he rather striue to imitate

Then his owne father: be his patterne then,

Leave him a stocke of vertue that may last,

Should fortune rend his sailes, and split his mast.

Brae. Your hand boy growing to a souldier. *Gio.* Give me a pike.

Fran. What practising your Pike so yong Faire Cou-

Gio. Suppose mee one of Homers frogges, my Lord,

Tossing my bul rush thus: pray sir, tell mee

Might not a child of good discretion

Be Leader to an Arsay : *Fran.* Yes coul'st a yong Prince

Of good discretion anight. *Gio.* Say you so:

Indeed I haue heard 'tis fit, a Generall

Should not endanger his owne person oft,

So that he make a noyse, when hee's a horsebacke

Like a Danske Drummer, O 'tis Excellent.

Hee

Vittoria Coreombona.

Hee need not fight, me thinkes his horse, as well
Might lead an Army for him; if I live,
I'le charge the French foe in the very Front
Of all my troupes, the formost man. *Fra.* What what.

Gio. And will not bid my Souldiers vp, and follow,
But bid them follow me. *Bra.* Forward Lap-wing.
He flies with the shell on's head. *Fran.* Pretty Cousin.

Gio. The first Yeare Vnkle that I go to warre,
All Prisoners that I take, I will set free
Without their ransome. *Fran.* Ha, without their ransome,
How then will you reward your souldiers
That tooke those prisoners for you. *Gio.* Thus my Lord;
I'le marry them to all the Wealthy Widdowes
That falleth that Yeare. *Fran.* Why then the next yeare following
You'le haue no men to go with you to warre.

Gio. Why then, I'le presse the women to the War,
And then the men will follow. *Mon.* Witty Prince,

Fran. See, a good Habite makes a Child a Man,
Whereas a bad one makes a Man a beast:
Come, you and I are friends. *Bra.* oft wishedly:
Like bones which broke in sunder and well set
Knit the more strongly. *Cran.* Call *Camillo* hither,
You haue receiued the rumour, how Count *Lodowicke*
Is turn'd a Pirate. *Bra.* Yes. *Fra.* We are now preparing
Some shipes to fetch him in: behold your Dutchesse, *Exe.* Fr,
We now will leane you, and expect from you *Mon. Gio.*
Nothing but kinde intreaty. *Bra.* You haue charm'd mee.

You are in health we see. *Isa.* And aboue health
To see my Lord well. *Bra.* So I wonder much,
What amorous whirlwinde hurryed you to Rome?

Isa. Deuotion my Lord. *Bra.* Deuotion?
Is your soule charg'd with any grieuous sinne,
Isa. 'Tis burdened with too many, and I thinke
The ofter that wee cast our reckonings vp,
Our sleepes will be the sounder. *Bra.* Take your chamber.
Isa. Nay my deere Lord, I will not haue you angry,
Doth not my absence from you two moneths,

Merite

Vittoria Corombona.

Merit one kiss? *Brae.* I do not vse to kisse,
If that will dispossesse your iealousy,
I'le sweare it to you. *Is. a.* O my loued Lord,
I do not come to chide ; my iealousy?
I am to learne what that *Italian* meanes,
You are as welcome to these longing armes,
As I to you a *Virgine.* *Brae.* O your breath ;
Out vpon sweete meates, and continued Physicke,
The plague is in them. *Is. a.* You haue oft for these two lippes
Neglected *Cassia*, or the naturall sweetes
Of the Spring-violet, they are not yet much wither'd,
My Lord I should be merry, these your frownes
Shew in a Helmet louely, but on me,
In such a peacefull enterueew me thinkes
They are too to roughly knit. *Brae.* O differ blance.
Do you bandy factions 'gainst me? haue you learn't
The trick of impudent basenes to complaine
Vnto your kindred? *Is. a.* Neuer, my deere Lord.

Brae. Must I be haunted out, or wast your trick
To meere some amorous Gallant heere in Rome
That mnst supply our discontinuance?

Is. a. I pray sir, burst my heart, and in my death
Turne to your antient pitty, though not loue.

Brae. Because your brother is the corpulent Duke,
That is the great Duke: S'death I shall not shortly
Racket away ffe hundred Crownes at Tennis,
But it shall rest vpon record : I scorue him
Like a shau'd Pollake, all his reuerent Wit
Lies in his wardrobe, hee's a discreet fellow,
When hee's made vp in his Roabes of state,
Your brother the great Duke, because h'as gallies,
And now and then ransackes a Turkish fife-boate,
(Now all the hellish Furies take his soule,) .
First made this match, accursed be the Priest
That sang the wedding Masse, and eu'en my Issue.

Is. a. O too to far you haue curst, *Brae.* Your hand I'le kisse,
This is the latest ceremony of my loue,

D

Hence-

Vittoria Corombona.

Hence-forth i'le never lye with thee, by this,
This wedding-ring : ile ne're more lyewith thee.
And this diuorce shall be as truely kept,
As if the Judge had doom'd it : fare you well,
Our sleepes are seuer'd. *Is. a.* Forbid it the sweet vnion
Of all things blessed ; why the Saints in Heauen
Will knit their browes at that. *Bra.* Let not thy loue,
Make thee an vnbelieuer, this my vow,
Shall never on my soule bee satisfied
With my repentance : let thy brother rage
Beyond a horrid tempest or sea-fight,
My vow is fixed. *Is. a.* O my winding sheet,
Now shall I need thee shortly, deere my Lord,
Let me heare once more, what I would not heare,
Never. *Bra.* Never?

Is. a O my vñkind Lord, may your sins find mercy,
As I vpon a woefull widowed bed,
Shall pray for you, if not to turne your eyes,
Vpon your wretched wife, and hopefull sonne,
Yet that in time you'l fixe them vpon Heauen.
Bra. No more, goe, goe, complaine to the great Duke

Is. a. No my deere Lord, you shall haue present witnessse,
How i'le worke peace betweene you, I will make
My selfe the author of your cursed vow,
I haue some cause to doe it, you haue none;
Conceale it I beseech you, for the weale
Of both your Dukedomes, that you wrought the meanes
Of such a separation; let the fault
Remaine with my supposed iealousy,
And thinke with what a pittious and rent heart,
I shall performe this sad insuing part.

Enter Francisco, Flaminco, Montcello, Marcello, Camillo.

Bra. Well, take your course my honorable brother.

Fra. Sister, this is not well my Lord, why sister,
She merits not this welcome. *Bra.* Welcome say?
She hath giuen a sharpe welcome. *Fra.* Are you foolish?
Come dry your teares, is this a modest course?

Vittoria Corombona.

To better what is naught, to raile and weepe:

Grow to a reconcilement, or by heauen,

I'le ne're more deale betwene you. *Isa.* sir you shall not,

Noe, though *Vittoria* vpon that condition

Would become honest. *Fra.* Was your husband loud,

Since we departed. *Isa.* By my life sir noe,

I sweare by that I do not care to loose.

Are all these ruines of my former beauty,

Laid out for a whores triumph? *Fra.* Do you heare:

Looke vpon other women, with what patience

They suffer these slight wrongs, with what iustice

They study to requite them, take that course.

Isa. O that I were a man, or that I had power

To execute my apprehended wishes,

I would whip some with scorpions. *Fra.* What? turn'd Fury?

Isa. To dig the strumpets eyesout, let her lye

Some twenty monthes a dying, to cut off

Her nose and lippes, pull out her rotten teeth,

Preserue her flesh like *Mummie* for trophies

Of my iust anger: Hell to my affliction

Is meere snow-water, by your fauour sir,

Brother draw neere, and my Lord Cardinall,

Sir let me borrow of you but one kisse,

Hence-forth i'le never lye with you, by this,

This wedding-ring. *Fra.* How? nere more lie with him?

Isa. And this diuorce shall be as truely kept,

As if in thronged Court, a thousand cares

Had heard it, and a thousand Lawyers hands,

Seal'd to the separation. *Bra.* Nere lie with me?

Isa. Let not my former dotage

Make thee an vnbeleeuer, this my vow

S hall nener on my soule bee satisfied

With my repentance; *manet alta mente repostum.*

Fra. Now by my birth, you are a foolish, mad,

And iealous woman. *Bra.* You see 'tis not my seeking.

Fra. Was this your circle of pure Vnicornes horne,

You sayd shold charme your Lord? now hornes vpon thee,

Vittoria Coronation.

For I aby defenes them, keepe your vow,
And take your chamber, *Ifa*. No sir I'll presently to *Padua*,
I will not stay a minute. *Mont.* O good Madame.

Brac. 'Twere best to let her haue her humour,
Some halfe daies iourney will bring downe her stomacke,
Aud then shee'll turne in post. *Fran.* To see her come,
To my Lord Cardinall for a dispensation
Of her rash vow, will be get excellent laughter.

Ifa. Unkindnesse do thy office, poore heart breake,
Flam. Those are the killing greifes, which dare not speake. *Exit.*
Mar. Camillo's come my Lord. *Enter Camillo,*
Fran. Where's the commission? *Mar.* Tis here.
Fran. Give me the Signet.

Flam. My Lord do you marke their whispering; I will com-
pound a medicine out of their two heades, stronger then garlick,
deadlier then stibium, the Cantharides which are scarce seen to
sticke vpon the flesh, when they work to the heart, shall not do it
with more silence or intisible cunning. *Enter Doctor*

Brac. About the murder.

Flam. They are sending him to *Naples*, but I'll send him to
Candy, her's another property to. *Brac.* O the Doctor,

Flam. A poore quackefaluing knaue, my Lord, one that should
haue bene lasht for's letchery, but that he confess'd a judgement,
had an execution laid vpon him, and so put the whip to a *non-plus*
Doct. And was cosin'd, my Lord, by an arranter knaue
then my selfe, and made pay all the colourable execution.

Flam. He will shoot pils into a mans guts, shall make them
haue more ventages then a cornet or a lamprey, hee will pouson
a kisse, and was once minded for his Master-peecce, because *Ire-*
land breeds no pouson, to haue prepared a deadly vapour in a
Spaniards fart that should haue poison'd all *Dublin*.

Brac. O Saint *Anthonies* fire:

Doct. Your Secretary is merry, my Lord.

Flam. O thou cursed antipathy to nature! looke, his eyes
bloud-shed like a needle a Chirurgeon stitcheth a wound with,
let me embrace thee tod, & loue thee: o thou abominable loth-
some gargarisme, that will fetch vp lungs, lights, heart, and liver

by

Vittoria Corombona

scruples.

Brac. No more. I must employ thee honest Doctor.
You must to Padua, and by the way, vse some of your skil for vs.

Doc. Sir I shall, *Brac.* But for Camillo?

Flam. He dies this night by such a politike straine,
Men shall suppose him by's owne engine slaine.
But for your Dutchesse's death. *Doc.* I'll make her sure.

Brac. Small mischieves are by greater made secure.

Flam. Remember this you slave; when knaves come to pro-
ferment, they rise as gallouses are raised i'th low countries, one
vpon another shoulders. *Exeunt.*

Mon. Here is an Embleme, Nephew, pray peruse it.
'Twas throwne in at your window. *Cam.* At my window?
Here is a Stag my Lord hath shed his hornes,
And for the losse of them the poore beast weepes,
The word: *In opem me copia fecit.* *Mon.* That is:
Plenty of hornes hath made him poore of hornes.

Cam. What should this meane? *Mon.* Ile tell you, 'tis giuen out
You are a Cuckold. *Cam.* It is giuen out so.
I had rather such report, as that my Lord
Should keepe within doores. *Fran.* Haue you any children?

Car. None my Lord. *Fra.* You are the happier:
Ile tell you a tale. *Cam.* Pray my Lord. *Fran.* An old tale.
Vpon a time *Phæbus* the God of light,
Or him wee call the Sunne, would needs be married:
The Gods gaue their consent, and *Mercury*
Was sent to voice it to the generall world.
But what a pitious cry their straight arose
Amongst Smiths, & Felt-makers, Brewers & Cooks,
Reapers, and Butter-women, amongst Fishmongers
And thousand other trades, which are annoyed
By his excessiue heate; t'was lamentable:
They came to *Jupiter* all in a sweat,
And do forbid the Banes; a great fat Cooke
Was made their Speaker, who intreates of *Ione*,
That *Phæbus* might bee gelded, for if now
When there was but one Sunne, so many men,

Vittoria Corombona.

Were like to perish by his violent heate.
What should they doe if he were married,
And shoulde beget more, and those children
Make Fire-workes like their father, so say I;
Onely I will apply it to your wife,
Her issue, shoulde not Providence preuent it,
Would make both nature, time, and man repent it.

Mon. Looke you Cousin.

Goe, change the aire for shame, see if your absence
Will blast your *Cornucopia*; *Marcello*
Is chosen with you ioynt-commissioner,
For the relieuing our Italian coast
From Pirats. *Mar.* I am much honor'd in't. *Cam.* But sir,
Ere I returne, the Stagges hornes may bee sprouted,
Greater then those are shed. *Mon.* Do not feare it,
I'le be your Ranger. *Cam.* You must watch i'th nights,
Then's the most danger. *Fra.* Farewell good *Marcello*.
All the best fortunes of a Souldier's wish,
Bring you a ship-board.

Cam. Were I not best, now I am turn'd Souldier,
E're that I leaue my wife, sell all shee hath,
And then take leaue of her. *Mon.* I expect good from you;
Your parting is so merry.

Cam. Merry my Lord? a'th Captaines humor right,
I am resolued to be dranke this night. *Exit.*

Fra. So, 'twas well fitted, now shall we discerne,
How his wish't absence will giue violent way
To Duke Brachiano's lust. *Mon.* Why that was it;
To what scorn'd purpose else shoulde we make choise
Of him for a Sea-Captaine; and besides,
Count Lodowicke which was rumor'd for a Pirate,
Is now in *Padua*. *Fra.* Is't true? *Mon.* Most certaine.
I haue letters from him, which are suppliant
To worke his quicke repeale from banishment,
Hee meanes to addresse himselfe for pension,
Vnto our sister Dutchesse. *Fra.* O 'twas well.
We shall not want his absence past fixe dayes,

Vittoria Corombona.

I faine would haue the Duke Brachiano run
Into notorious scandall, for their's naught
In such curst dotage to repaire his name,
Onely the deepe sence of some deathleſſe shameſ

Mon. It may be obiectēd I am dishonorablie,
To play thus with my kinsman, but I anſwerē,
For my reuenge I'd ſtake a brothers life,
That being wrong'd durſt not auenge himſelfe.

Fra. Come to obſerue this ſtrumpet. *Mon.* Curse of greatnes!
Sure hee'le not leauē her. *Fra.* There's ſmall pitty in't,
Like miſtle-tow on ſear Elmes ſpent by weather,
Let him cleave to her, and both rot together.

Exeunt.

Enter Brachiano with one in the Habite of a Coniurer.

Bra. Now ſir I claime your promife, 'tis dead midnight,
The time prefixt to ſhew me by your art,
How the intended murther of *Camillo*,
And our loathed Dutchesſe grow to action.

Con. You haue won me by your bouny to a deed,
I do not often practife: ſome there are,
Which by Sophistlike trickes, aſpire that name
Which I would gladly loſe, of Necromancer;
As ſome that uſe to iuggle vpon cardes,
Seeming to coniure, when indeed they cheate:
Others that raife vp their confederate ſpirits
'Bout wind-mils, and indanger there owne neckes,
For making of a ſquib: and ſome their are
Will keepe a curtall to ſhew iuggling trickes,
And giue out 'tis a ſpirit: besides theſe,
Such a whole reame of Almanacke-makers, figure-flingers,
Fellowes indeed that onely liue by ſtealthe,
Since they do mereley lie about ſtolne goods,
Thei'd make men thinke the Diuell were fast and loſe,
With ſpeaking fufian Latine: pray, ſit downe,
Put on this night-cap ſir, 'tis charm'd, and now
I'le ſhew you by my ſtrong commanding art
The circumſtance that breakes your Dutchesſe heart.

Enter

Vittoria Corombona.

A Dumb Shevv.

Enter suspicioſly Julio and Christophero, they draw a curtaine where Brachian's picture is, they put on ſpectacles of glaffe, which couer their eyes and noſes, and then burne perfumes afore the picture, and wash the lips of the picture, that done, quenching the fire, and putting off their ſpectacles they depart laughing

Enter Isabella in her night gowne as to bedward, with light after her Count Lodouico, Giuanni, Guidantonio, and others waighting on her, ſhee kneeleſ downe as to prayers, then drawes the curtaine of the picture, doeſ three reuerences to it, and kiffes it thrice ſhee faints and will not ſuffer them to come nere her, dies sorrow expref in Giuanni and in Count Lodouico ſhee conueid out ſolemny.

Brac. Excellentl then ſhee's dead, Con. She's poysoned, By the fam'd pictre, 'twas her custome nightly, Before ſhee went to bed, to go and visite Your picture, and to ſeed her eyes and lippeſ On the dead shadow : Doctor Julio
Obſeruing this, infects it with an oilie, And other poison'd ſtuffe, which preſently Did ſuffocate her ſpirits Brat. Me thought I ſaw, Count Lodowicke there Con. He was, and by my Art. I finde hee did moſt paſſionately doate Upon your Dutchesſe, now turne another way, And veiw Camillo's farre more politike face, Strike louder muſicke from this charmed ground, To yeeld, as fits the Aſt, a Tragickē ſound.

The Second Dumb Shevv.

Enter Flamineo, Marcello, Camillo, with foure more as Captaines, they drinke healths, and dance, a vaulting horſe is brought into the roome, Marcello and two more whisper'd out of the roome, while Flamineo & Camillo ſtrip themſelues into their ſhirts, as to vault, they complement who ſhall beginne: as Camillo is about to vault, Flamineo pitcheth him upō his necke, and with the help of the reſt, wriths his necke about, ſeemeſ to ſee if it be broke & laies him foſted double as 'twere under the horſe, makes ſhorteſ to call for halpe,

Marcello

Vittoria Corombona

Marcello comes in, laments, sends for the Cardinall and Duke, who comes forth with armed men, renders at the alt, commands the body to be carried home, apprehends Flamineo, Marcello, and the rest, and goes as twere to apprehend Vittoria.

Brac. Twas quaintly done, but yet each circumstance
I tast not fully. Con. O 'twas most apparant,
You saw them enter charged with their deepe heathes
To their boone voyage, and to second that,
Flamineo calls to haue a vaulting horse
Maintaine their sport. The vertuous *Marcello*,
Is innocently plotted forth the roome,
Whilst your eye saw the rest, and can informe you
The engine of all. Mar. It seemes *Marcello*, and *Flamineo*
Are both committed. Con. Yes, you saw them guarded,
And now they are come with purpose to apprehend
Your Mistresse, faire *Vitto·ia*; wee are now
Beneath her roofe: 'twere fit we instantly
Make out by some backe posterne: Brac. Noble friend,
You bind me ever to you, this shall stand
As the faire seale annexed to my hand. Exit. Brac.
It shall inforce a payement. Con. Sir, I thanke you.
Both flowers and weedes spring, when the Sunne is warme,
And Great men do great good, or else great haime. Exit Con.

Enter Francisco, and Monticelso, their Chancellor
and Register.

Bran. You haue dealt discreetly to obtaine the presence
Of all the ḡ aue Leiger Embassadours
To heare *Vittoria*'s triall. Mon. 'Twas not ill
For sir yon know we haue naught bnt circumstances
To charge her with, about her husbands death;
Their approbation therefore to the proofes
Of her blackelust, shall make her infamous
To all our neigbouring Kingdomes, I wonder (pabie.
If Brachiano will be here. Fra. O fy! 'twere impudence too pal-

Enter Flamineo, and Marcello guarded, and a Lawyer.

Law. What are you in by the weeke, so, I will try now
whether

Vittoria Corombona.

whither thy wit be close prisoner, mee think's none should sit
vpon thy sister, but o d whore-masters.

Fla. Or cuckolds, for your cuckold is your most terrible tick-
ler of letchery : whore-masters woud serue: for none are Judges
at tilting, but those that haue bin old Tilters.

Law. My Lord Duke and she haue bin very priuate.

Fla. You are a dull asse; 'tis threatened they haue bin very
publike.

Law. If it can be prooued they haue but kist one another.

Fla. What then? *Law.* My Lord Cardinall will ferret them.

Fla. A Cardinall I hope, will not catch conies.

Law. For to sowe kisises (marke what I say) to sowe kisses, is
to reape letchery, and I am sure, a woman that will endure kissing
is halfe won.

Fla. True, her vpper part by that rule; if you will win her ne-
ther part to, you know what followes.

Law. Harke the Embassadours are lighted.

Fla. I do put, on this feigned Garbe of mirth,
To gall suspcion.

Mar. O my vnsfortunate sister!

I would my dagger-point had cleft her heart
When she first saw *Brachiano*: you 'tis sayd,
Were made his engine, and his stalking horse
To vndoe my sister. *Fla.* I am a kinde of path
To her, and mine owne preferment. *Mar.* Your ruine.

Fla. Hum! thou art a Souldier,
Followest the great Duke, feedest his victories,
As witches doe their seruiceable spirits,
Euen with thy prodigall blood: what hast got?
But like the wealth of Captaines, a poore handfull,
Which in thy palme thou bear'ſt, as men hold water,
Seeking to g̃ ipe it fast, the fraile reward
Steales through thy fingers. *Mar.* Sir.

Fla. Thou hast scarce maintenance
To keepe thee in fresh shamoyes. *Mar.* Brother.

Fla. Hear me,
And thus when we haue euē powred our sclices,

Vittoria Corombona.

Into great fights, for their ambition
Or idle spleene, how shall we find reward:
But as we seldome finde the mistle-towe
Sacred to Phisicke : Or the builder Oke,
Without a Mandrake by it; so in our quest of gaine:
Alas the poorest of their forc'd dislikes
At a limbe proffers, but at heart it strikes :
This is lamented doctrine. *Mar.* Come, come.

Fla. When age shall turne thee
White, as a blooming hau thorne. *Mar.* I'll interrupt you.
For oue of vertue beare an honest heart,
And stride ouer euery politike respect,
Which where they most aduance, they most infect.
Were I your father, as I am your brother,
I should not be ambitious to leauue you

Enter Sanoy.

A better patrimony. *Fla.* I'll thinke on't. The Lord Embassador's
*Here there is a passage of the Lieger Embassadors over
the Stage generally. Enter French Embassadors.*

Law. O my sprightly Frenchman, do you know him, hee's an
admirable Tiler.

Fla. I saw him at last Tilting, hee shewed like a peuter candle-
sticke, fashioned like a man in armour, holding a Tilting stafte
in his hand, little bigger then a candle of twelue i' th pound.

Law. O, but hee's an excellent horseman,

Fla. A lame one in his lofty trickes, hee sleepes a horsebacke
like a poult.

Enter English and Spaniard.

Law. To you my Spaniard.
Fla. He carries his face in's ruffe, as I haue seene a seruingtonman
carry glaffles in a Cipres-hatband, monstrous stiddy for feare of
breaking: He lookes like the claw of a Blacke-bird, first salted,
and then broiled in a candle.

Exeunt.

The Arraignement of Vittoria.

Enter Francisco, Monticello, the sixe Lieger Embassadors. Brachiano, Vittoria, Isabella, Lawyer, and a guard.

Mon. Forbeare my Lord, here is no place assyng'd you,
This busynesse by his holynesse, is left
To your examination;

E 3

Br.

Vittoria Corambona.

Bra. May it thriue with you.

Ladies arich gowne
under him.

Fra. A Chaire where for his Lordship.

Bra. Forbeare your kiadocesse, an vnbidden gueſt

Should trauaite as dutch-women goe to Church :

Beare their ſtooles with them. Mon. At your pleasure ſir,

Stand to the table gentlewomen: now Signior,

Fall to your plea.

Law. Domine Index conuerte oculos in hanc peſem
mulierum corruptiſſimam. Vit. What's he?

Fra. A Lawyer, that pleades againſt you.

Vit. Pray my Lord, let him ſpeake his vſuall tongue,

Ile make no anſwere else. Fra. Why you underſtand Latine.

Vit. I doe ſir, but amongſt this auditory

Which come to heare my caufe, the halfe or more

May be ignorant in't. Mon. Goe on ſir.

Vit. By your fauour,

I will not haue my accuſation clouded

In a ſtrange tongue : All this assembly

Shall heare what you can charge me with. Fra. Signior,

You need not ſtand on't much ; pray, change your language.

Mon. Oh for God ſake : gentlewoman, your credit
Shall be more famous by it.

Law. Well then haue at you.

Vit. I am at the marke ſir, ile giue aime to you,

And tell you how neere you ſhoote.

Law. Moſt literated Judges, please your Lordships,

So to conniue your iudgements to the veiwe

Of this debaught, and diuersiouent woman,

Who ſuch a concatenation

Of miſchiefe hath effected, that to extirpe

The memory of't, muſt bee the conuincation

Of her, and her proiections. Vit. What's all this ?

Law. Hold your peace.

Exorbitant ſinnes muſt haue exulceration.

Vit. Surely my Lords, this lawyer hath ſwallowed

Some Apothecaries bills, or proclamations;

And now the hard, and indigestable wordes,

Come

Vittoria Corombona.

Come vp like stones we vse giue Hawkes for phisicke.
Why this is welch to Latine. *Law.* My Lords, the woman
Know's not her Tropes, nor is perfect

In the Academick deriuation

Of Grammaticall elocution, *Fra.* sir, your paines
Shall be well spared, and your deepe eloquence
Be worthily applauded among those

Which vnderstand you. *Law.* My good Lord. *Fra. Sir,*

Put vp your papers in your fustian bag, *Francisco speaks this*
Cry mercy sir, 'tis buckram, and accept *as in scorne.*
My notion of your learn'd verbosiry.

Law. I most graduatly thanke your Lordship.

I shall haue vle for them elsewhere.

Mon. I shall be playner with you, and paint out
Your follies in more naturall red and white,
Then that vpon your cheeke. *Vit.* O you mistake,
You rai'e a blood as noble in this cheeke
As euer was your mothers.

Mon. I must spare you, till proofe cry whore to that;
Obserue this creature here my honoured Lords,
A woman of a most prodigious spirit
In her effected. *Vit.* My honorable Lord,
It doth not sute a ieuern Cardiwall
To play the Lawyer thus.

Mon. Oh your trade instructs your language! You see my Lords what goodly fruite she seemes,
Yet like those apples traellers report
To grow where *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* stood.
I will but touch her, and you straight shall see,
Shee'll fail to foote and ashes.

Vit. Your muchon'd Apothecary should doo't

Mon. I am resolu'd.

Were there a second paradice to loose,
This Diuell would betray it. *Vit.* O poore charity!
Thou art seldom found in scarlet.

Mon. Who knowes not how, when seuerall night by night
Her gates were choak't with coaches, and her roomes.

Vittoria Corombona.

Out-brau'd the Stars with severall kinde of lights,
When she did counterfet a Princes Court.
In Musick, Banquers, and most ryotous surfeits:
This whore foriooth was holy.

Vit. Ha? whole? what's that?

Mon. Shall I expound whore to you? sure I shall;
I'll giue their perfect character. They are first:
Sweete meates which rot the eater: In mans nostrils
Poison'd perfumes. They are cozning Alchimy,
Shipwrackes In calmest weather? What are whores?
Cold Russian winters, that appeare so barren,
As if that nature had forgot the spring.
They are the true materiall fire of Hell,
Worse then those tributes i'th Low-Countries payd,
Exactions vpon meat, drinke, garments, sleepe.
I even on mans perdition, his sin.
They are those brittle Evidences of law
Which forfeite all a wretched mans estate
For leauing out one syllable. What are whores?
They are those flattering Bels haue all one tune.
At weddings and at fune als, yea at rich whores
Are onely treasures by extortiōn fild,
And emptied by curs'd ryot. They are worse,
Worse then dead bodies, which are beg'd at th'gallowes,
And wrought vpon by Surgeons, to teach man
Wherein he is imperfect. Whats a whore?
Shee's like the gilt counterfeted coine,
Which who so ere first stampes it, brings in trouble
All that receiue it. *Vit.* This character scapes me.

Mon. You gentlewoman?
Take from all beastes, and from all minerals
Their deadly poison: *Vit.* Well what then? *Mon.* He tell thee,
He finde in thee an Apothecaries shop,
To sample them all. *F. Emb.* Shee hath liued ill,
E. Emb. True, but the Cardinal's too bitter.
Mon. You know what Whore is next the Diuell; adultery,
Enters the Diuell, murder. *Fra.* Your unhappy husband

Vittoria Corombona.

Is dead. *Vit.* O hee's a happy husband,
Now heowes Nature nothing.

Fra. And by a vaulting engine. *Mon.* An actiue plot,
He iumpt into his graue. *Fra.* What a prodigy was't,
That from some two yardes high a slender man. (more,
Should breake his necke? *Mon.* Ich'rushes. *Fra.* And what's
Upon the instant, loose all vse of speech,
All vitall motion, like a man had layen
Wound vp three dayes. Now marke each circumstance.

Mon. And looke vpon this creature was his wife.
She comes not like a widdow: she comes arm'd
With scorne and impudence: Is this a mourning habit;

Vit. Had I foreknowne his death as you suggest,
I would haue bespoke my mourning.

Mon. O you are cunning.

Vit. You shame your wit, and iudgement,
To call it soe; what, is my iust defence
By him that is my iudge cal'd impudence?
Let me appeale then from this Christian Court
To the vnciuill Tartar. *Mon.* See my Lords,
Shee scandals our proceedings. *Vit.* Humbly thus,
Thus low, to the most worthy, and respected
Leiger Embassadours, my modesty
And womanhood I tender; but withall
So intangled in a cursed accusation
That my defence of force like *Perseus*,
Must personate masculine vertue to the point.
Ende mee but guilty, sever head from body:
Weel part good friends: I scorne to hold my life
At yours, or any mans intreasy, sir.

E.Emb. She hath a braue spirit.

Mon. Well, well, such counterfet Jewels
Make trne ones oft suspected. *Vit.* You are deceiued.
For know, that all your strict combined heades
Which strike against this Mine of Diamondes,
Shall proue but glassen hammers, they shall breake,
These are but faigned shaddowes of my euils.

Terrified

Vittoria Corombona.

Terrify babes, my Lord, with painted Devils,
I am past such needlessse palsy, for your names,
Of Whore and Murdresse they proceed from you,
As if a man should spit against the wind,
The fith retorne's in's face.

Mon. Pray yon Mistresse, satisfy me one question:
Who lodg'd beneath your roofe that fatall night
Your husband brake his necke? *Bra.* That question
Inforceth the breake silence, I wasthere.

Mont. Your busynesse? *Brac.* Why I came to comfort her,
And take some course for settling her estate,
Because I heard her husband was in debt
To you my Lo d. *Mont.* He was.

Brac. And 'twas strangely feare'd,
That you would cosen her. *Mont.* Who made you overseer?

Brac. Why, my charity, my charity, which shoulde flow
From every generous and noble spirit,
To orphans and to widows. *Mont.* Your lust.

Bra. Cowardly dogs bark loudest. Sirrah Priest,
Ile talke with you hereafter, —— Doe you heare?
The sword you frame of such an excellent temper,
Ile sheath in your owne bowels:
There are a number of thy coate resemble
Your common post boyes. *Mont.* Ha?

Brac. Your mercenary post boyes:
Your letters carry truth, but 'tis your guise
To fill your mouths with grosse and impudent lies.

Ser. My Lord, your gowne.

Brac. Thou liest 'twas my stoole.
Bestow't vpon thy maister, that will challenge
The rest a'th householde-stuffe, for *Brachiano*
Was ne're so beggarly, to take a stoole
Out of another's lodging; let him make
Vallance for his bed on't, or a demy foote-cloth,
For h's most reverent moile, *Monticelse*;
Nemo me impune laces sit. *Exit Brachiano.*

Mont. Your Champions gon.

Vit.

Vittoria Coronation

Vit. The wolfe may prey the better.

Fra. My Lord there's great suspition of the murder,
But no found prooife who did it : for my part
I doe not thinke she hath a soule so blacke
To act a deed so bloudy, if she haue
As in cold countries husbandmen plant Vines,
And with warme blood manure them, even so
One summer she will beare vnsavory fruite,
And ere next spring wither both branch and roote.
The act of bloud let passe, onely descend,
To matter of incontinence. Vit. I decerne poison,
Vnder your guilded pils.

Mos. Now the Duke's gon. I will produce a letter,
Wherein'twas plotted, her and you shou'd meeete,
At an Apothecaries summer-house.

Downe by the riuier Tiber : view't my Lords :
Where after wanton bathing and the heate
Of a lasciuious banquet.— I pray read it,
I shame to speake the rest. Vit. Grant I was tempted
Temptation to lust proues not the act,
Casta est quam nemo roganit,
You reade his hot loue to me, but you want
My frosty answere. Mos. Frosti' th dog-dates! strange!
Vit. Condeine you me for that the Duke did loue me
So may you blame some faire and christall riuier
For that some melancholike distracted man,
Hath drown'd himselfe in't. Mos. Truly drown'd indeed.

Vit. Summe vp my faults I pray, and you shall find,
That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,
And a good stomacke to feast, are all,
All the poore crimes that you can charge me with :
In faith my Lord you might goe pistall flies,
The sport would be more noble. Mos. Very good.

Vit. But take you your course, it seeimes you haue begger'd me
And now woul'd faine vndoe me, I haue houses, (first
Jewels, and a poore remnant of Crusado's,
Would those woul'd make you charitable. Mos. If the Diuill
Did euer take good shape behold his picture.

Vittoria Corombana.

Vit. You haue one vertue left,
You will not flatter me. *Fra.* Who brought this letter?

Vit. I am not compel'd to tell you.

Mon. My Lord Duke sent to you a thousand duckets,
The twelfth of August. *Vit.* 'Twas to keepe your Cousin
From prison, I paid vse for't. *Mon.* I rather thinke,
'Twas interest for his lust.

Vit. Who saies so but your selfe? if you be my accuser,
Pray cease to be my Judge; come from the Bench,
Give in your evidence 'gainst me, and let these
Be Moderators; My Lord Cardinall,
Were your intelligencing eares as louing
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue
I would not care though you proclaim'd them all.

Mon. Go to, go to.

After your goodly and vaine-glorious banquet,
I'le give you a choake peare. *Vit.* A' your owne grafting?

Mon. You were borne in *Venice*, honourably descended
From the *Vittelli*; 'twas my Coufins fate,
Ill may I name the houre to marry you,
Hee bought you of your father. *Vit.* Ha?

Mon. He spent there in sixe monthes
Twelue thousand Duckets, and to my acquaintance,
Receiu'd in dowry with you not one *Julio*.
'Twas a hard peny-worth, the ware being so light.
I yet but draw the curtaine now to your picture:
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,
And so you haue continued. *Vit.* My Lord.

Mon. Nay heare me,
You shall haue time to prate my Lord *Brachiano*:
Alas I make but repetition,
Of what is ordinary, and Ryalt to talke,
And ballated, and would bee plaid o'th stage,
But that vice many times findes such lou'd friends.
That Preachers are charm'd silent.
You Gentlemen *Flaminco* and *Marcello*,
The Court hath nothing now to charge you with,

One

Vittoria Corombona.

Onely you must remaine vpon your sureties,
For your appearance. *Fra.* I stand for *Marcello*.
Fra. And my Lord Duke for me.

Mon. For you *Vittoria*, your publike fault,
Loyn'd to 'th condition of the present time,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pitty:
Such a corrupted triall haue you made
Both of your life and beauty, and bene stil'd
No lesse an ominous fate, then Blazng Starres
To Princes, heare your sentence, you are confin'd,

Vit. Vnto a house of conuerts and your baud.

Fra. Who I? *Mon.* The *Moore*,

Fra. O, I am a sound man againe.

Vit. A house of conuerts, what's that?

Mon. A house of penitent whoores.

Vit. Do the Noblemen in Rome
Erect it for their wiues, that I am sent
To lodge there? *Fra.* You must haue patience.

Vit. I must first haue vengeance.

I faine would know if you haue your saluation
By patent, that you proceed thus. *Mon.* Away with her,
Take her hence. *Vit.* A rape. a rape. *Mon.* How?

Vit. Yes, you haue rauish't Iustice,
Forc't her to do your pleasure. *Mon.* Eye shee's mad,
Vit. Dye with these pills in your most cursed mawe
Should bring you health, or while you sit o'th Bench,
Let your owne spittle choake you. *Mon.* Shee's turn'd Fury.

Vit. That the last day of iudgement may so finde you
And leaue you the same deuill you were before;
Instruct me some good horse-leach to speake treason,
For since you cannot take my life for deeds,
Take it for words: O womans poore reuenge
Which dwels but in the tongue I will not weape,
No I do scorne to call vp one poore teare
To fawne on your iniustice, beare me hence,
Vnto this house of what's your mitigating Tittle?
Mon. Of conuerts. *Vit.* It shall not bee a house of conuerts

Vittoria Corombona;

My minde shall make it honeste to me
Then the Popes Pallace, and more peaceable
Then thy soule, though thou art a Cardinall,
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spight,
Through darkenesse Diamonds spred their richest light.

Enter Brachiano.

Exit Vittoria.

Bra. Now you and I are friends sir, wee'll shake hands,
In a friends graue, together, a fit place,
Being the embleme of soft peace t'attone our hatred.

Fra. Sir, what's the matter?

Bar. I will not chase more blood from that lou'd cheeke,
You haue lost too much already, fare-you-well.

Fra. How strange these words sound? what's the interpretation?

Fla. Good, this is a preface to the discouery of the Dutches death: Hee carries it well: because now I cannot counterfeit a whining passion for the death of my Lady, I will fayne a mad humor for the disgrace of my sister, and that will keepe off idle questions, Treasons tongue with a villanous palsey in't, I will talk to any man, heare no man, and for a time appeare a polliticke mad-man.

Enter Giovanni, Count Lodovico.

Fra. How now my Noble cousin, what in blacke?

Gio. Yes Uncle, I was taught to imitate you
In vertue and you must imitate me
In coloures of your garments, my sweete mother

Is. Fra. How? Where?

Gio. Is there no yonder, indeed sir i'l not tell you,
For I shall make you weepe. Fra. Is dead.

Gio. Doe not blame me now,
I did not tell you so. Lod. Shee's dead my Lord.

Fra. Dead? Mon. Blessed Lady;
Thou art now aboee thy woes,
Wilt please your Lordships to with-draw a little.

Gio. What do the dead do, uncle? do they eate,
Hearre musicke, goe a hunting, and be merry, as we that live?

Fra. No cose; they sleepe.

Gio. Lord, Lord, that I were dead,
I haue not slept these sixe nights. When doesthey wake?

Fra.

Vittoria Corombona.

Fran. When God shall please.
Good God let her sleepe euer.

Gio. For I haue knowne her wake an hundred nights,
When all the pillow, where shee laid her head,
Was brine-wet with her teares. I am to complaine to you Sir.
Ile tell you how they haue vied her now shees dead :
They wrapt her in a cruell fould of lead,
And would not let mee kisse her. *Fran.* Thou didst loue her.

Gio. I haue often heard her say shee gaue mee sucke,
And it should seeme by that shee dearely lou'd mee,
Since Princes seldome doe it.

Fran. O, all of my poore sister that remaines !
Take him away for Gods sake. *Mon.* How now my Lord ?

Fran. Beleeue mee I am nothing but her graue,
And I shall keepe her blessed memorie,
Longer then thousand Epitaphs. *Enter Flamineo as distract.*

Fla. Wee indure the strokes like anuiles or hard steele,
Till paine it selfe make vs no paine to feele.
Who shall doe mee right now ? Is this the end of seruice ? Ide
rather go weede garlick ; traualle through France , and be mine
owne ostler ; weare sheepe-skin lininges ; or shoos that stinke of
blacking ; bee entred into the list of the fourtie thousand pedlars
in Poland. *Enter Sauoy*

Would I had rotted in some Surgeons house at Venice , built
vpon the Pox as well as on piles, ere I had serv'd Brachiano.

Sau. You must haue comfort.

Fla. Your comfortable wordes are like honie. They relish
well in your mouth that's whole ; but in mine that's wounded
they go downe as if the sting of the Bee were in them. Oh they
haue wrought their purpose cunningly , as if they would not
seeme to doe it of malice In this a Polititian imitates the
deuill, as the deuill imitates a Canon. Wheresoeuer he comes to
doe mischiefe, he comes with his backside towardes you.

Enter the French.

Fre. The proofes are evident.

Fla. Proote ! t'was corruption. O Gold, what a God art
 thou ! and O man, what a deuill art thou to be tempted by that

curſed

Vittoria Corombona.

curſed Minerall ! You diuersiſuolent Lawyer ; marke him, knaues
turne informers , as maggots turne to fies, you may catch gud-
geons with either. A Cardinaſſ ! I would hee wou'd heare mee ,
there's nothing ſo holie but mony will corrupt and putrifie it,
like viſtuals vnder the Line, You are happy in England, my Lord ;
herethey ſell iuſtice with thofe weights they preſſe men to
death with. O horrible ſalarie !

Eng. Fie, fie. Flamineo.

Fla. Beis ne e ring well, till they are at their full pitch ,
And I hope, yon Cardinaſſ ſhall neuer haue the grace to pray
well, till he come to the ſcaffold.

* If they were ſackt now to know the conſederacie ! But your
Noblemen are priuiledg'd from the racke ; and well may ; For
a little thing would pull ſome of them a peeces, before they came
to their arraignement. Religion ; oh how it is commeddled with
policie. The firſt bloudiſhed in the world happened about re-
ligion. Would I were a Jew. *Mar.* O, there are too many.

Ila. You are deceiu'd. There are not Jewes enough ;
Priests enough, nor gentlemen enough. *Mar.* How ?

Fla. He proue it, For if there were Jewes enough, ſo many
Christians wou'd not turne Vſurers ; if Priests enough, one
ſhould not haue ſixe Benefices ; and if Gentlemen enough, ſo
many earlie muſhromes, whose beſt growth ſprang from a
dunghill, ſhould not aspire to Gentilitie. Farewell. Let others
live by beggiſg, Bee thou one of them ; practize the art of *Wol-*
nor in England to ſwallow all's giuen thee ; and yet let one pur-
gation make thee as hungrie againe as fellowes that worke in a
ſaw-pit. He go heare the ſcrich-owle. *Exit.*

Lod. This was *Brachiano's* Pandar, and'tis ſtrange
That in ſuch open, and apparent guilt
Of his adulterous ſister, hee dare vtter
So scandalous a paſſion. I muſt wind him. *Enter Flamineo*

Fla. How dares this baniſh't Count returne to Rome ,
His pardon not yet purchaſt ? I haue heard
The idecaſt Dutchesſe gaue him pension ,
And that hee came along from Padua
I' th' traine of the yong Prince. There's ſomewhat in't.

Phisitiāns

Vistoria Corombona.

Phisitians, that cure poisons, still doe worke
With counter-poisons.

Mar. Marke this strange encounter.

Fla. The God of Melancholy turne thy gall to poysone,
And let the stigmatike wrinkles in thy face,
Like to the boisterous waues in a rough tide
One still ouertake another. *Lod.* I doe thanke thee,
And I doe wish ingeniously for thy sake,
The Dog-daies all yeare long.

Fla. How croakes the Rauen?

Is our good Dutchesse dead? *Lod.* Dead. *Fla.* Of fate!
Misfortune comes like the Crowners businesse,
Huddle upon huddle. *Lod.* Shalt thou and I ioyne house-keeping?

Fla. Yes content.

Let's be vnsociably sociable.

Lod. Sit some three dayes together, and discourse.

Fla. Onely with making faces;
Lie in our clothes. *Lod.* With taggots for our pillowes.

Fla. And bee lowsie.

Lod. In taffeta lininges; that's Gentile melancholy,
Sleepe all day. *Fla.* Yes: and like your melancholy hare
Feed after midnight.

We are obserued: see how you couple grieue.

Lod. What a strange creature is a laughing foole,
As if man were created to no vse
But onely to shew his teeth. *Fla.* He tell thee what,
It would doe well instead of looking glasses,
To set ones face each morning by the sawcer
Of a witches congealed blood. *Lod.* Pretious gue.
We'll never part. *Fla.* Neuer, till the beggery of Courtiers,
The discontent of Church-men, want of Souldiers
And all the creatures that liang manacled,
Worse then strappado'd, on the lowest fellie
Offortunes wheele, be taught in our two lines *Enter Astrovelli.*
To scorne that world which life of meanes depriues.

An. My Lord, I bring good newes. The Pope on's death-bed,
At th'earnest suit of the great Duke of Florence.

Hath

Vittoria Corombona.

Hath sign'd your pardon, and re stor'd vnto you —

Lod. I thanke you for your newes. Looke vp againe
Flamino, see my pardon. Fla. Why do you laugh?

There was no such condition in our covenant. Lod. Why?

Flam. You shall not iecme a happier man then I,

You know our vowe sir, if you will be merry,

Do it i'th like posture, as if some great man

Sate while his enemy were executed :

Though it be very letchery vnto thee,

Dee't with a sabby Polititians face.

Lod. Your sister is a damnable whore. Fla. Ha?

Lod. Looke you ; I speake that laughing.

Fla. Dost ever thinke to speake againe?

Lod. Do you heare ?

Wil't sell me fourty ounces of her blood,

To water a mandrake? Fla. Poore Lord, you did vow

To liue a lowzy creature. Lod. Yes; Fla. Like one

That had for ever forfaited the day light,

By being in debt. Lod. Ha, ha !

Fla. I doe not greatly wonder you doe break
Your Lordship learn't long since. But ile tell you,

Lod. What ? Fla. And't shall sticke by you.

Lod. I long for it.

Fla. This laughter scruily becomes your face,
If you will not be melancholy, be angry. strikes him.
See now I laugh too.

Mar. You are to blame, ile force you hence.

Lod. Vnhande me : Exit Mar. & Fla.

That ere I should be forc't to right my selfe,

Vpon a pandar. Ant. My Lord.

Lod. H' had bin as good met with his fist a thunderbolt.

Gaf. How this shewes !

Lod. Vds'death, how did my sword misse him ?

These rogues that are most weary of their lives,
Still scape the greatest dangers.

A pox vpon him : all his reputation ;

Nay all the goodnessse of his family ;

Vittoria Corombona.

Is not worth halfe this earthquake.

I learn't it of no Fencer to shake thus;

Come, I'le forget him, and goe drink some wine.

Exeunt.

Enter Francisco and Montisello.

Mon. Come, come my Lord vntie yous fouldred thoughts,
And let them dangle loose, as a Brides haire.
Your sister's poysoned.

Fra. Farre bee it from my thoughts
To seeke reuenge.

Mon. What, are you turn'd all marble?

Fra. Shall I defye him, and impose a warre
Most burthensome on my poore subiects neckes,
Which at my will I haue not power to end?
You know: for all the murders, rapes, and thefts,
Committed in the horrid lust of warre,
He that vniustly caus'd it first proceed,
Shall finde it in his graue, and in his seed,

Mon. That's not the course Id'e wish you: pray, obserue me,
We see that vndermining more preuailes
Then doth the Canon. Beare your wrongs conceal'd,
And, patient as the Tortoise, let this Camelij
Stalke o're your back vnbruif'd: sleep with the Lyon,
And let this brood of secure foolish mice
Play with your nostrils, till the time be ripe
For th'bloody audit, and the fatal gripe:
Aime like a cunning fowler, close on eye,
That you the better may your game espy.

Fra. Free me my innocence from treacherous actes:
I know ther's thunder yonder: and i'le stand,
Like a safe vallic, which low bends the knee
To some aspiring mountaine: since I know
Treason, like spiders weauing nets for flies,
By her foule worke is found, and in it dies.
To passe away these thoughts, my honnour'd Lord,
It is reported you posseſſe a booke,
Wherin you haue quoted, by intelligence,
The names of all notorious offenders

G

Larkin

Vittoria Corombona.

Lurking about the Citty. *Mon.* Sir I doe ;
And some there are which call it my blacke booke :
Well may the title hold : for though it teach not
The Art of coniuring, yet in it lurke,
The names of many diuels. *Fra.* Pray let's see it.

Mon. I'le fetch it to your Lordship.

Fra. Monticelso,

Exit Monticelso.

I will not trust thee, but in all my plots,
I'le rest as icalous, as a Towne besieg'd
Thou canst not reach what I intend to act,
Your flaxe soone kindles, soone is out againe,
But gold slow heat's, and long will hot remaine.

Mon. 'Tis here my Lord.

Enter Mon. presents

Fra. First, your Intelligencers, pray let's see. *Fra.* with a booke.

Mon. Their number rises strangely ;

And some of them

You'd take for honest men.

Next are Panders.

These are your Pirates : and these following leaues,

For base rogues that vndoe yong Gentlemen

By taking vp commodities : for politike bankrupts,

For fellowes that are bawdes to their owne wiues

Onely to put off hoises and slight iewels,

Clockes, defac't plate, and such commodities,

At birth of their first children. *Fra.* Are there such ?

Mon. These are for impudent bawdes,

That goe in mens apparel : for vsurers

That share with scriueners for their good reportages :

For Lawyers that will antedate their writts :

And some Divines you might finde folded there :

But that I slip them o're for conscience sake.

Here is a generall catalogue of knaues,

A man might study all the prisons o're,

Yet never attaine this knowledge, *Fra.* Murderers.

Fold downe the leafe I pray ;

Good my Lord let me borrow this strange doctrine.

Mon. Pray, vſt my Lord.

Fra.

Vittoria Corombona

Fra. I doe assure your Lordship,
You are a worthy member of the State,
And haue done infinite good in your discouery
Of these offenders. Mon. Somewhat Sir. Fra. O God!
Better then tribute of wolues paid in England.
'Twill hang their skins o'th hedge.

Mon. I must make bold
To leaue your Lordship. Fra. Deere sir, I thanke you,
If any aske for me at Court, report,

You haue left me in the company of knaues.

Exit Mon.

I gather now by this, some cunning fellow

That's my Lords Officer, one that lately skip't

From a Clarkes deske vp to a Justices chaire,

Hath made this knauish summons; and intendes,

As th' Irish rebels were wont to sell heads,

So to make prize of these. And thus it happens:

Your poore rogues pay for't, which haue not meanes

To present bribe in t' st: the rest o'th' band

Are raz'd out of the knaues record; or else,

My Lord he winkes at them with easy will,

His man growes rich, the knaues still.

But to the vse i'l make of it; it shall serue

To point me out a list of murderers,

Agents for any villany. Did i want

Ten leash of Curtizans, it would furnish me;

Nay, lawndresse three Armies. That in so little paper

Should ly ye th' vndoing of so many men!

'Tis not so big as twenty declarations.

See the corrupted vse some make of booke's:

Divinity, wrested by some factious bloud,

Drawes swerd's, swels battailes, and or'ethrowes all good:

To fashion my reuenge more seriously,

Let me remember my dead sister's face:

Call for her picture: no; i'l close mine eyes,

And in a melancholique thought i'l frame

Enter Isabella's Ghost:

Her figure 'fore me. Now I—— hau't how strong

Vittoria Corombona.

Imagination workes! how she can frame
Things which are not! me thinks she stands afore me
And by the quicke Idea of my minde,
Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture.
Thought, as a subtill Iugler, makes vs deeme
Things, supernaturall, which haue cause
Common as sicknesse. 'Tis my melancholy,
How cam'st thou by thy death? — how idle am I
To question mine owne idlenesse? — did euer
Man dreame awake till now? --- remooue this obiect
Out of my braine with't: what haue I to doe
With tombes, or death-beds, funerals, or teares,
That haue to meditate vpon reuenge?
So now 'tis ended, like an old wiues story.
States-men thinke often they see stranger sights
Then mad-men. Come to this waighty businesse.
My Tragedy must haue some idle mirth in't,
Else it will neuer passe. I am in loue,
In loue with Corombona; and my suite
Thus haltes to her in verse. —
I haue done it rarely: O the fate of Princes!
I am so vs'd to frequent flattery, *hee writes*
That being alone, I now flatter my selfe;
But it will serue, 'tis seal'd; bear this *Enter servant.*
To th' house of Conuerts; and watch your leisure
To giue it to the hands of Corombona,
Or to the Matron, when some followers
Of Brachiano may bee by. Away *Exit seruant.*
He that deales all by strength, his wit is shallow:
When a mans head goes through, each limme will follow.
The engine for my busines, bold Count Lodowicke:
'Tis gold must such an instrument procure,
With empty fist no man do falcons lure.
Brachiano, I am now fit for thy encounter:
Like the wild Irish I'le ne're think thee dead
Till I can play at footeball with thy head.
Electere si nequo Superos, Acheronta monabo.

Exit Mon.
Enter

Vittoria Corombona.

Enter the Matron, and Flaminco.

Mat. Should it be knowne the Duke hath such reconcile
To your imprison'd sister, I were like
To incur much damage by it. Fla. Not a scruple.
The Pope lies on his death-bed, and their heads
Are troubled now with other businesse
Then guarding of a Ladie.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Yonder's Flaminco in conference
With the Matrone. Let mee speake with you;
I would intreat you to deliuier for mee
This letter to the faire Vittoria.

Mat. I shall Sit.

Enter Brachiano.

Ser. With all care and secrecie;
Hereafter you shall know mee, and receiue
Thanks for this curtesie. Fla. How now? what's that?

Mat. A letter. Fla.. To my sister : I'le see't deliuiered.

Bra. What's that you reade Flaminco? Fla. Looke.

Bra. Ha? To the most vnfortunate, his best respected Vittoria.
Who was the messenger? Fla. I know not,

Bra. No! Who sent it!

Fla. Vd's foot, you speake, as if a man
Should know, what foule is coffin'd in a bake't meate
Afore you cut it vp.

Bra. I'le open't, were't her heart. What's heere subisribed.
This iugling is grosse and palpable. (Florence)
I haue found out the conueyance; reade it, reade it.

Fla. Your scares I'le turne to triumphes, bee but mine:
Your prop is fall'n; I pittie, that a vine,
Which Princes heretofore haue long'd to gather,
Wanting supporters, now shou'd fade and wither.
Wine yfaith, my Lord, with lees would serue his turne.
Your sad imprisonment I'le soone uncharme,
And with a princelie uncontroll'd armes
Lead you to Florence, where my loue and eare
Shall hang your wishes in my siluer haire.
A halter on his strange oequiuocation.
Nor for my yeares returne me the sad willow,

Vittoria Corombona

Who prefer blossomes before fruit that's mellow.

Rotten on my knowledge, with lying too long i'th bed-straw:
And all the lies of age thus line convinces:

The Gods never make old, no more doe Princes.

A pox on't, teare it, let's haue no more Atheists for Gods sake.

Bra. Vdi' death, i'le cut her into Atomes,
And let th' irregular North-winde sweepe her vp,
And blow her int' his Nostrils. Where's this whore?

Fla. That? what dee you call her?

Bra. Oh, I could be mad;

Pleuent the curst disease shee'l bring me to;
And teare my haire off. Where's this changeable Ruffe?

Fla. O're head and ears in water, I assure you,
Shee is not for your wearing. Bra. ce'n you Pander?

Fla. What me, my Lord, am I your dog?

Bra. A bloud-hound: doe you braue? doe you stand me?

Fla. Stand you? let those that haue diseases, run;
I need no plaister. Bra. Would you be kickt?

Fla. Would you haue your necke broke?

I tell you Duke, I am not in Russia;

My shins must be kept whole. Bra. Do you know me?

Fla. O, my Lord! methodically.

As in this world there are degrces of euils :
So in this world there are degrces of Deails.

You'r a great Duke: I your poore secretary.

I doe looke now for a Spanish fig, or an Italian sallet daily.

Bra. Pander, plie your conuoy, and leaue your prating.

Fla. All your kindnesse to me is like that miserable curtesie of
Polyphemus to Ulysses, you reserve me to be devour'd last; you
would dig turtles out of my graue to feede your Larkes: that
would be mislike to you. Come i'le lead you to her.

Bra. Doe you face mee?

Fla. O Sir I would not goe before a Politike enemy with my
backe towards him, thought there were behind mee a whirle-
pool. Enter Vittoria to Brachiano and Flamineo.

Bra. Can you reade, Mistresse? looke vpon that letter:
There are noe characters, nor Hieroglyphicks.

You

Vittoria Corombona.

You need no comment, I am growne your receiuer,
Gods pretious, you shall be a braue great Lady,

A stately, and aduanced whore. *Vit.* Say Sir,

Bra, come, come, let's see your Cabinet, discouer
Your treasurie of loue-letters. Death and Furies,
I'le see them all. *Vit*, Sir vpon my soule,
I haue not any, Whence was this directed?

Bra, Confusion on your politicke ignorance.
You are reclaimed? are you? I'le giue you the bels,
And let you fie to the Deuill. *Fla*. Ware hawke, my Lord,

Vit. Florence! This is some treacherous plot, my Lor d
To me, he nere was louely I protest,
So much as in my sleepe. *Bra*. Right: they are plots.

Your beauty! O, ten thousand curtes on't.
How long haue I beheld the Deuill in Christall?

Thou hast led me, like an heathen sacrifice,
With musicke, and with fatall yokes of flowers,

To my eternall ruine. Woman to man
Is eyther a God or a wolfe. *Vit*. My Lord. *Bra*. Away.

Wee'l bee as differing as two Adamants;
The one shall shun the other. What doft weepe?

Procure but ten of thy dissembling trade,
Wee'l furnish all the Irish funerals

With howling, past wild Irish. *Fla*. Fie, my Lord.

Bra. That hand, that cursed hand, which I haue wearied
With doting kisses! O my sweetest Dutchesse,
How louely art thou now! thy loose thoughts
Scatter like quick-siluer, I was bewitch'd;

For all the world speakes ill of thee. *Vit*. No matter.

I'le liue so now, I'le make that world recant,
And change her speeches. You did name your Dutchesse.

Bra. Whose death God pardon.

Vit. Whose death God reuenge
On thee most godlesse Duke. *Fla*. Now for the whirlwindes.

Vit. What haue I gain'd by thee but infamy?
Thou hast stain'd th. spottlesse honour of my house
And frightened thence noble society:

Like

Vittoria Corombona.

Like those, which sicke'oth 'Palsie, and retaine
Ill-senting foxes'bout them, are still shun'd
By those of choicer nostrills. What doe you call this house ?
Is this your palace ? did not the Judge stile it
A house of penitent whores ? who sent me to it ?
Who hath the honour to aduance *Vittoria*
To this incontinent colledge ? is't not you ?
Is't not your high preferment ? Go, go brag,
How many Ladies you haue vndone, like me.
Fare you well sir ; let me heare no more of you.
I had a limme corrupted to an ylcer,
But I haue cut it off : and now i'le goe
Weeping to heauen one crutches. For your giftes,
I will returne them all ; and I do wish
That I could make you full Executor
To all my sinnes : O that I could tosse my selfe
Into a graue as quickly : for all thou art worth
I'le not shed one teare more ; — Ile burst first. *She throwes her selfe upon a bed.*
Bra. I haue drunke Lethe:
Vittoria! My dearest happinesse ! *Vittoria !*
What doe you aile my loue ? why doe you weepe ?
Vit. Yes, I now weepe poniardes, doe you see.
Bra. Are not those matchlesse eyes, mine ? *Vit.* I had rather
They were not matchles. *Bra.* Is not this lip, mine ?
Vit. Yes : thus to bite it off, rather then giue it thee.
Fla. Turne to my Lord, good sister.
Vit. Henceyou Pandar.
Fla. Pandar ! Am I the author of your sinne ?
Vit. Yes : Hee's a base thiefe that a thiefe lets in.
Fla. Wee're blowne vp, my Lord.
Bra. Wilt thou heare me ?
Once to be iealous of thee, is't expresse
That I will loue thee cuerlastingly.
And neuer more be iealous. *Vit.* O thou foole,
whose greatnesse bath by much oregrown thy wit !
What dar'st thou doe, that I not dare to suffer,
Excepting to be still thy whore ? for that ;

Vittoria Corombona.

In the seas bottome sooner thou shalt make
A bonefire. *Fla.* O, no othes for gods sake.
Bra. Will you heare me? *Vit.* Neuer.
Fla. What a damn'd impostume is a womans will,
Can nothing breake it; fie, fie, my Lord.
Women are caught as you take Tortoises,
Shce must be turn'd on her backe. Sister, by this hand
I am on your side. Come, come, you haue wrong'd her.
What a strange credulous man were you, my Lord,
To thinke the Duke of Florence would loue her?
Will any Mercer take an others ware
When once'tis tows'd and fyllied? And yet, sister,
How scurilily this fowardnesse becomes you.
Yong Leuerets stand not long, and womens anger
Should, like their flight, procure a little sport:
A full crie for a quarter of an houre:
And then bee put to th' dead quat. *Bra.* Shall these eyes,
VVhich haue so long time dwelt vpon your face,
Be now put out? *Fla.* No cruell Land-lady i'th' world,
Which lend's forth groates to broome-men, & takes use for the,
VVould doe't.
Hand her, my Lord, and kisse her: bee not like
A ferret to let goe your hold with blowing.
Bra. Let vs renew right handes. *Vit.* Hence.
Bra. Neuer shall rage, or the forgetfull wine,
Make me commit like fault.
Fla. Now you are i'th way on't, follow't hard.
Bra. Be thou at peace with me: let all the world
Threaten the Canon. *Fla.* Marke his penitence.
Best natures doe commit the grossest faults,
VVhen they're giu'n o're to iealousie: as best wine
Dying makes strongest vineger. Ile tell you:
The Sea's more rough and raging, then calme riuers,
But not so sweet, nor wholesome. A quiet woman
Is a still water vnder a great bridge.
A man may shoot her safely, *Vit.* O yee dissembling men!
Fla. VVee suck't that, sister, from womens breasts, in our

Vittoria Corombona.

first infancy. *Vit.* To adde misery to misery. *Bra.* Sweetest.

Vit. Am I not low enough?

I, I, your good heart gathers like a snow-ball,
Now your affection's cold. *Fla.* Vds' foot, it shall melt
To a heart againe, or all the wine in Rome
Shall run o'th lees for't.

Vit. Your dog or hawke should be rewarded better
Then I haue bin. I'll speake not one word more.

Fla. Stop her mouth,
With a sweet kisse, my Lord.
So now the tide's turn'd, the vessel's come about,
Hee's a sweet armefull. O we curld-hair'd men
Are still most kind to women. This is well.

Bra. That you should chide thus!

Fla. O, sir, your little chimnies.
Doe euer cast most smoke. If sweat for you,
Couple together with as deepe a silence,
As did the Grecians in their wooden horse.
My Lord supply your promises with deedes.
You know what painted meat no hunger feedes.

Bra. Stay ingratefull Rome.

(vsage)

Fla. Rome ! it deserues to be cal'd Barbary, for our villainous

Bra. Soft ; the same project which the Duke of Florence,
(Whether in Loue or gallery I know not)

Laid downe for her escape, will I pursue.

Fla. And no time fitter then this night, my Lord ;
The Pope being dead ; and all the Cardinals entred.
The Conclave, for th' electing a new Pope ;
The Citty in a great confusio[n] ;
We may attire her in a Pages suit,
Lay her post-horse, take shipping, and amaine
For Padua.

Bra. Instantly steale forth the Prince Giovanni,
And make for Padua. You two with your old Mother,
And yong Marcello that attends on Florence,
If you can worke him to it, follow mee ;
I will aduance you all : for you Vittoria,

Thinks

Vittoria Corombona.

Thinke of a Dutchesse's title. *Fla.* Loe you sister.

Stay, my Lord, I'le tell you s tale. The Crocodile, which liues in
the riuier *Nilus*, hath a worme breeds i'th teeth oft, which puts it
to extreame anguish: a little bird, no bigger then a wren, is bar-
ber-surgeon to this Crocodile; flies into the iawes oft, pickes out
the worme; and brings present remedy. The fish, glad of ease,
but ingratefull to her that did it, that the bird my not talk
largely of her abroad for non-payment, closeth her chaps inten-
ding to swallow her, and so put her to perpetuall silence. But na-
ture loathing such ingratitudo, hath arm'd this bird with a quill
or pricke on the head, top o'th which wounds the Crocodile i'th
mouth; forceth her open her bloudy prison; and away flies the
pretty tooth-picker from her cruell patient.

Bra. Your application is ; I haue not rewarded
The seruice you haue done me. Fla. No, my Lord;
You sister are the Crocodile : you are blemisht in your fame , My
Lord cures it . And though the comparison hold not in euery
particle ; yet obserue , remember , what good the bird with the
pricke i'th head hath done you ; and scorne ingratitude.
It may appeare to some , ridiculous
Thus to talke knaue and madman ; and sometimes
Come in with a dried sentence , stuft with sage.
But this allowes my varying of shapes ,
Knaues do grow great by being great mens apes

Enter Francisco, Lodouico, Gasper, and sixe Embassadours.

At another doore the Duke of Florence.

Fra. So, my Lord, I commend your diligence
Guard well the conclave, and, as the order is,
Let none haue conference with the Cardinals.

Lod. I shall, my Lord: roome for the Embassadors,

Gas. They're wondrous braue to day : why do they weare
These seuerall habits ? *Lod.* O fir, they'r Knights
Of seuerall Orders.

That Lord i'th blacke cloake, with the siluer crosse,
Is Knight of Rhodes; the next, Knight of S. Michael;
That, of the golden fleece; the French-man there,
Knight of the Holy-Ghost; my Lord of Sanoy.

Vittoria Corombona.

Knight of 'th Annuntiation; the *Englishman*
Is Knight of th' honnored Garter, dedicated
Vnto their Saint, *S. George*. I could describe to you
Their seuerall institutions, with the lawes
Annexed to their orders; but that time
Permits not such discouery.

Fra. Where's Count *Lodowicke*? *Lod.* Here my Lord.

Fra. Tis o'th point of dinner time,
Marshall the Cardinals seruice, *Lod.* Sir I shall.
Stand, let me search your dish, who's this for?
Ser. For my Lord Cardinal *Monticelso*,

Lod. Whose this?

Ser. For my Lord Cardinal of *Burbon*.

Fre. Why doth he search the dishes? to obserue
What meat is drest? *Eng.* No Sir, but to preuent,
Least any letters should be conuei'd in,
To bribe or to sollicite the aduancement
Of any Cardinal, when first they enter
'Tis lawfull for the Embassadours of Princes
To enter with them, and to make their suit
For any man their Prince affecteth best;
But after, till a generall election,
No man may speake with them.

Lod. You that attend on the Lord Cardinals,
Open the window, and receiue their viands.

A Car. You must returne the seruice; the L. Cardinals
Are busied 'bout electing of the Pope,
They haue giuen o're scrutinie, and are fallen
To admiration, *Lod.* Away, away.

Fra. I'le lay a thousand Duckets you heare newes *A Cardinal*
Of a Pope presently, Hearke; sure hee's elected: *on he Tarras*
Behold! my Lord of *Arragon* appears
On the Church battelments.

Arragon. *Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Reuerendissimus,*
Cardinalis Lorenzo de Monticelso electus est in sedem Apostolicam
& elegit sibi nomen Paulum quartum.

Omnis. Vixat sanctus Pater Paulus Quartus.

Enter ser-
uants with se-
verall dishes
couered.

Ser

Vittoria Corombona.

Ser. Vittoria my Lord.

Fra. Well : what of her ? Ser. Is fled the City, Fra. Ha ?

Ser, With Duke Brachiano. Fra. Fled ? Wher's the Prince

Ser, Gone with his father.

(Giovanni)

Fra. Let the Matrone of the Conuerts

Be apprehended : fled? O damnable !

How fortunate are my wishes. Why ? 'twas this

I onely laboured. I did send the letter

T' instruct him what to doe. Thy fame, fond Duke,

I first haue poison'd ; directed thee the way

To marry a whore ; what can be worse ? this followes.

The hand must act, to drowne the passionate tongue,

I scorne to weare a sword, and prate of wrong.

Enter Monticelso in State.

Mon. Concedimus vobis Apostolicam benedictionem, & remissionem

My Lord reports Vittoria Corombona (peccatorum

Is stol'ne from forth the house of Conuerts

By Brachiano, and they're fled the Citty.

Now, though this be the first daie of our seate,

We cannot better please the diuine power,

Then to sequester from the holy Church

These cursed persons. Make it therefore knowne,

We doe denounce excommunication

Against them both : all that are theirs in Rome,

We likewise banish. Set on:

Exeunt.

Fra. Come deare Lodonico.

You haue ta' ne the sacrament to prosecute

Th' intended murder. Lod. With all constancy.

But, Sir, I wonder you'l ingage your selfe,

In persoⁿ, being a great Prince. Fra. Diuert me not.

Most of his Court are of my faction,

And some are of my councell. Noble friend,

Our danger shall be like in this designe,

Giue leauue, part of the glory may be mine.

Exit Fra. Enter

Monticelso.

Mon. Why did the Duke of Florence with such care

Labour your pardon ? say.

Lod. Italian beggars will resolute you that

Vittoria Corombona

Who, begging of an almes, bid those they beg of, Enter Mon-
Doc good for their owne sakes; or't may be, *Mon-*
Hee spreades his bountie with a sowing hand:
Like Kings, who many times giue out of measure;
Not for desert so much, as for their pleasure.

Mon. I know you're cunning. Come, what deuill was that
That you were raiting? *Lod.* Deuill, my Lord?
I aske you.

Mon. How doth the Duke employ you, that his bonnet
Fell with such complement vnto his knee,
When hee departed from you? *Lod.* Why, my Lord,
Hee told mee of a restie Barbarie horse
Which he would faine haue brought to the carreere,
The fault, and the ring galliard. Now, my Lord,
I haue a rare French Rider. *Mon.* Take you heede:
Least the Jade breake your necke. Doe you put mee off
With your wild horse-trickes? Sirra you doe lie.
O, thou 'rt a foule blacke cloud, and thou do'st threat
A violent storme. *Lod.* Stormes are 'ith aire, my Lord,
I am too low to storme. *Mon.* Wretched creature!
I know that thou art fashion'd for all ill,
Like dogges, that once get bloud, they'l euer kill.
About soine murder? wa'st not? *Lod.* I'll not tell you:
And yet I care not greatly if I doe;
Marry with this preparation. Holy father,
I come not to you as an Intelligencer,
But as a penitent sinner. What I vtter
Is in confession merely; which you know
Must neuer be reueal'd. *Mon.* You haue o'reta'ne me.

Lod. Sir I did loue Brachiano's Dutchesse deereley;
Or rather I pursued her with hot lust,
Though she ne're knew on't. Shee was poyson'd;
Upon my soule she was: for which I haue sworne
T'auenge her murder. *Mon.* To the Duke of Florence?
Lod. To him I haue. *Mon.* Miserable Creature!
If thou perfisht in this, 'tis damnable.
Do'st thou imagin, thou canst slide on blood

And

Vittoria Corombona.

And not be tainted with a shamefull fall ?
Or like the blacke, and melancholick Ewe-tree,
Do'st think to roote thy selfe in dead mens graues,
And yet to prosper ? instruction to thee,
Comes like sweet showers to ouer-har-died groundes;
They wet, but pierce not deepe. And so I leauethee,
Withall the Furies hanging 'bout thy necke,
Till by thy penitence thou remoue this euill,
In coniuring from thy breast that cruell Deuill.

Lod. I'le giue it o're. He saies tis damnable :
Besides I did expect his suffrage,
By reason of Camillo's death.

Exit Mon.

Enter servant

Fra. Do you know that Count? *Ser.* Yes, my Lord. & *Francisco.*
Fra. Beare him these thousand Duckets to his lodgning,
Tell him the Pope hath sent them. Happily
That will confirme more then all the rest. *Ser.* Sir.

Lod. To me sir?

Ser. His Holinesse hath sent you a thousand Crownes,
And wils you, if you canaile, to make him (manded.)
Your Patron for intelligence. *Lod.* His creature euer to bee com-
Why now 'tis come about. He rai'd vpon me ;
And yet these Crownes were told out, and laid ready,
Before he knew my voyage. O the Art,
The modell forme of greatnessse ! that do sit
Like Brides at wedding dinners, with their look's turn'd
From the least wanton iest, their paling stomacke
Sicks of the modesty, when their thoughts are loose.
Euen acting of those hot and lustfull sports
Are to ensue about midnight : such his cunning !
Hee soundes my depth thus with a golden plummet,
I am doubly arm'd now. Now to th' act of blood,
There's but three Furies found in spacious hell ;
But in a great mans breast three thousand dwell.

A passage over the stage of Brachiano, Flamineo, Marcello, Hortensie, Corombona, Cornelia, Zanche, and others.

Fla. In all the weary minutes of my life,

Day.

Vittoria Corombona.

Day ne're broke vp till now. This marriage
Confirmes me happy. *Hor.* Tis a good assurance.
Saw you not yet the Moore that's come to Court?

Fla. Yes, and confer'd with him i'th Dukes closet,
I haue not seene a goodlier personage,
Nor euer talk't with man better experienc't
In State-affaires, or rudiments of warre.

He hath by report, seru'd the *Venetian*
In *Candy*, these twice seuen yeares, and bin chiefe
In many a bold designe. *Hor.* What are those two,
That beare him company?

Fla. Two Noblemen of *Hungary*, that liuing in the Emperours
seruice as commanders', eight yeares since ; contrary to the ex-
pectation of all the Court, entred into religion, into the strict
order of Capuchins : but being not well settled in their vnderta-
king, they left their Order, and returned to Court : for which, be-
ing after troubled in conscience, they vowed their seruice against
the enemies of Christ ; went to *Malta*: were there knighted, and
in their returne backe, at this great solemnity, they are resolued
for euer to forsake the world, and settle themselves here in a
house of Capuchins in *Padua*. *Hor.* Tis strange.

Fla. One thing makes it so. They haue vowed for evertoware
next their bare bodies those coates of maile they serued in.

Hor. Hard penance.

Is the Moore a Christian? *Fla.* He is.

Hor. Why proffers hee his seruice to our Duke?

Fla. Because he vnderstands, there's like to grow
Some warre betewene vs, and the Duke of Florence,
In which he hopes imployment. *Enter Duke Brachiano.*
I neuer saw one in a sterne bold looke
Weare more command, nor in a lofty phrase
Expresse more knowing, or more deepe contempt
Of our slight airy Courtiers. He talkes,
As, if he had trauail'd all the Princes Courts
Of Christendome, in all things striues t'expresse,
That all that should dispute with him may know,
Glories, like glow-wormes, a farre off shine bright

Vittoria Corombana.

But look't to neare, haue neither heat, nor light.

The Duke.

Enter Brachiano, Florence disguised like Malinaffar : Lodouico, Antonelli, Gaspar, Parnese, bearing their swords and helmets.

Bra. You are nobly welcome. Wee haue heard at full
Your honourable seruice 'gainst the Turke.

To you, braue Malinaffar, we assigne
A competent pension: and are inly sorrie,
The vowes of those two worthy gentlemen,
Make them incapable of our proffer'd bounty.

Your wish is, you may leau your warlike swordes,
For Monuments in our Chappell. I accept it
As a great honour done me, and must craue
Your leau to furnish out our Dutchesse reuels.

Onely one thing, as the last vanity
You e're shall view, denie me not to stay
To see a Barriers prepar'd to night:
You shal haue private standings: It hath pleas'd
The great Ambassadours of severall Princes
In their returne from Rome to their owne Countries,
To grace your mariage, and to honour me

With such a kinde of sport. Fra. I shall perswade them
To stay, my Lord.

Exeunt Brachiano, Flaminco,
Set on there to the presence. and Marcello.

Car. Noble my Lerd, most fortunately welcome,
You haue our vowes seal'd with the sacrament
To second your attempts. Ped. And all things ready.
He could not haue invented his owne ruine,
Had hee despair'd, with more propriety.

The Con-
spirators
here im-
brace.

Lod. You would not take my way. Fra. 'Tis better ordered.

Lod. T'haue poison'd his prayer booke, or a paire of beades,
The pummell of his saddle, his looking-glaſſe,
Or th' handle of his racket: O that, that!
That while he had bin bandying at Tennis,
He might haue sworze himselfe to hell, and strooke
His soule into the hazard! O my Lord!
I would haue our plot be ingenious,

I

And

Vittoria Corombona.

And have it hereafter recorded for example,
Rather then beryow example. *Fra.* There's no way
More speeding then this thought on. *Lod.* Oh then...

Fra. And yet mee thinkes, that this reuenge is poore,
Because it steales vpon him like a thiefe,
To haue taine him by the Caske in a pitch't field,
Led him to Florence & *Lod.* It had bin rare. —— And there
Haue crown'd him with a wreath of stinking garlick.
That he shoune the sharpnesse of his gouernment, *Exeunt Lodow*
nico, Antonellis.
And ranknesse of his lust.

Flaminco comes. Enter *Flamineo, Marcello, and Zanche.*

Mar. Why doth this deuill haunt you? say.

Fla. I know not.

For by this light I doe not coniure for her,
Tis not so great a cunning as men thinke
To raise the deuill: for heere's one vp already,
The greatest cunning were to lay him downe.

Mar. Shee is your shame. *Fla.* I prethee pardon her.
In faith you see, women are like to baires;
Where their affection throwes them, therethey'l sticke.

Zan. That is my Country man, a goodly person;
When hee's at leisure I'le discourse with him
In our owne language. *Fla.* I beseech you doe.
How is't braue fouldier; O that I had seene
Some of your iron daies! I pray, relate
Some of your seruice to vs.

Exit Zanche,

Fra. Tis a ridiculous thing for a man to be his owne Chronicle,
I did never wash my mouth with mine owne praise, for feare of
getting a stinking breath.

Mar. You're too Stoicall. The Duke will expect other discourse
from you.

Fra. I shall never flatter him, I haue studied man to much to
doe that: What difference is betweene the Duke and I? no more
then betweene two brickes, all made of one clay. Onely't may
bee, one is plac't on the top of a turret; the other in the bottome
of a well, by meere chance; if I were plac't as high as the Duke,
I should sticke as fast; make as faire a shew; and beare out
weather.

Vittoria Corombona.

weather equally.

Fra. If this souldier had a patent to beg in Churches, then hee would tell them stories, Mar. I haue bin a souldier too.

Fra. How haue you thriu'd? Mar. Faith, poorely.

Fra. That's the miserie of peace. Onely outsides are then respected: As shippes seeme verie great vpon the riuver, which shew verie little vpon the Seas: So some men i'th Court, seeme Colosses in a chamber, who if they came into the field would appeare pittifull Pigmies.

Fra. Giue mee a faire roome yet hung with Arras, and some great Cardinall to lug mee by th' eares, as his endeared Minion.

Bra. And thou maist doe, the devill knowes what villanie.

Fra. And safelly.

Fra. Right; you shall see in the Countrie, in haruest time, pigeons, though they destroy never so much corne, the Farmer dare not present the fowling peece to them! why? because they belong to the Lord of the Mannor; whilst your poore sparrows, that belong to the Lord of heauen, they goe to the pot for't.

Fra. I will now giue you some politike instructions. The Duke saies, he will giue you a pension; that's but bare promise: get it vnder his hand. For I haue knowne men that haue come from seruing against the Turke; for three or foure moneths, they haue had pension to buy them new wooden legges, and fresh plaisters; but after, 'twas not to bee had. And this miserable curtesie shewes, as if a Tormenter should giue hot cordiall drinke to one three quarters dead o'th' racke, onely to fetch the miserable soule againe to endure more Dog-laiers. Enter Hortensio,

a yong Lord, Zanche, and two more.

How now, Gallants; what are they ready for the Barriers?

Y. Lord. Yes: the Lords are putting on their armour.

Hor. What's hee?

Fra. A new vp-start: one that sweares like a Falconer, and will lye in the Dukes care day by day like a maker of Almanacks; And yet I knew him since hee came to th' Court smell worse of sweat, then an ynder tennis-court-keeper.

Hor. Looke you, yonder's your sweet Mistresse.

Vittoria Corombona.

Fla. Thou art my sworne brother: I'le tell thee, I doe loue that Moore, that Witch very constrainedly: shee knowes some of my vilany; I doe loue her, just as a man holds a wolfe by the eares. But for feare of turning vpon mee, and pulling out my throte, I would let her goe to the Deuill.

Hor. I heare shee claimes mariage of thee,

Fla. Faith, I made to her sometuch darke promise, and in seeking to flye from't, I run on, like a frightened dog with a bottle at's taile, that faine would bite it off, and yet dares not looke behind him. Now my pretious Gipsie!

Zan. I. your loue to me rather cooles then heates.

Fla. Marry, I am the sounder louer, we haue many wenches about the Towne heate too fast.

Hor. What doe you thinke of these perfum'd Gallants then?

Fla. Their sattin cannot save them. I am confident, They haue a certaine spice of the disease; For they that sleep with dogs; shall rise with fleas.

Zan. Beleeue it! A little painting and gay clothes, Make you loath me.

Fla. How? loue a Lady for painting or gay apparrell? I'le vnkennell one example more for thee. *Aesop* had a foolish dog that let goe the flesh to catch the shadow: I would haue Courtiers be better Dihers. *Zan.* You remember your oathes.

Fla. Louers oathes are like Mariners prayers, vttered in extremity; but when the tempest is o're, and that the vessel leaves tumbling, they fall from protesting to drinking, And yet amongst Gentlemen, protesting and drinking gee together, and agree as well as Shooemakers and West phalia-bacon. They are both drawers on: for drinke drawes on protestation; and protestation drawes on more drinke. Is not this discourse better now then the mortality of your sun-burnt Gentleman. *Enter Cornelio.*

Cor. Is this your pearch, you haggard? flie to'th stewes.

Fla. You shoulde be clapt by th' heelcs now: strike i'th Count?

Zan. She's good for nothing but to make her maids Catch cold a nights; they dare not vsa bedstaffe, For feare of her light fingers. *Mar.* You're a strumpet. An impudent one. *Fla.* Why doe you kicke her? say,

Doe

Vittoria Corombona.

Doe you thinke that shee's like a walnut-tree?

Must she be cudgel'd ere shee beare good fruite?

Mar. Shee brags that you shall marry her. *Fra.* What then?

Mar. I had rather she were pitcht vpon a stake
In some new-seeded garden, to affright
Her fellow crowes thence. *Fra.* You're a boy, a foole,
Be guardian to your hound; I am of age.

Mar. If I take her neere you, I'll cut her throate.

Fra. With a fan of feathers? *Mar.* and for you; I'll whip
This folly from you. *Fra.* Are you cholerick?
I'll purg't with Rubarbe. *Hor.* O your brother. *Fra.* Hang him,
Hee wrongs me most, that ought t'offend me least,
I doe suspect, my mother plaid foule play,
When she conceiu'd thee. *Mar.* Now by all my hopes,
Like the two slaughtered sonnes of *Oedipus*,
The very names of our affection,
Shall turne two waies. Those words I'll make thee answere
With thy heart-blood. *Fra.* Doe, like the gesse in the progresse,
You know where you shall finde mee, *Mar.* Very good,
And thou bee'st a noble friend, beare him my sword,
And bid him fit the length on't. *Y. Lord.* Sir I shall.

Zan. He comes. Hence petty thought of my disgrace,
I ne're lou'd my complexion till now, Enter *Francisco* the
'Cause I may boldly say without a blush, *Duke of Florence.*
I loue you. *Fra.* Your loue is vntimely sownen,
Ther's a Spring at Michaelmas, but 'tis but a faint one, I am sunk
In yeares, and I haue vowed never to marry.

Zan. Alas! poore maides get more louers, then husbands:
Yet you may mistake my wealth. For, as when Embassadours
are sent to congratulate Princes, there's commonly sent along
with them a rich present; so that though the Prince like not the
Embassadours person, nor words; yet he likes well of the present-
ment. So I may come to you in the same manner, & be better loued
for my dowry, then my vertue. *Fra.* I'll thinke on the motion.

Zan. Doe, I'll now detaine you no longer. At your better
leasure I'll tell you things shall startle your bloud.
Nor blame me that this passion I reveale;

Vittoria Corombona

Lovers dye inward that their flames concaie.

Fla. Of all intelligence, this may proue the best,
Sure I shall draw strange fowle, from this soule nest.

Exeunt.

Enter Marcello, and Cornelia.

Cor. I heare a whispering all about the Court,
You are to fight, who is your opposite?
What is the quarrell? *Mar.* 'Tis an idle rumour.
Cor. Will you dissemble? sure you doe not well
To fright me thus, you never looke thus pale,
But when you are most angry. I doe charge you
Vpon my blessing; nay I'le call the Duke,
And he shall schoole you. *Mar.* Publish not a feare,
Which would conuert to laughter; 'tis not so,
Was not this Crucifix my fathers? *Cor.* Yes.

Mar. I haue heard you say, giuing my brother sucke,
Hee tooke the Crucifix betweene his hands, *Enter Flaminco,*
And broke a limme of. *Cor.* Yes: but 'tis mended.

Fla. I haue brought your weapon backe. *Flaminco runnes*
Cor. Ha, O my horrour! *Marcello through.*

Mar. You haue brought it home indeed.

Cor. Helpe, oh, hee's murdered.

Fla. Doe you turne your gall vp? I'le to sanctuary,
And send a surgeon to you. *Hor.* How? o'th ground?

Mar. O mother now remember what I told,
Of breaking of the Crucifix, farewell; *Enter Cor Hor.*
There are some finnes, which heaven doth duly punish *Pedro.*
In a whole family. This it is to rise
By all dishonest meanes. Let all men know,
That tree shall long time keepe a steddy foot,
Whose branches spred no wilder, then the roote,

Cor. O my perpetuall sorrow! *Hor.* Vertuous *Marcello.*
Hee's dead: pray leauue him Lady; come, you shall.

Cor. Alas! he is not dead, hee's in a trance.
Why here's no body shall get any thing by his death. Let me call
him againe for Gods sake. *Cor.* I would you were deceiu'd

Cor. O you abuse mee, you abuse me, you abuse me. How,
many haue gone away thus, for lacke of tendance; reare vp's head,
reare

Vittoria Corombona.

reare vp's head : His bleeding inward will kill him.

Hor. You see he is departed.

Cor. Let me come to him ; giue mee him as he is, if he be turn'd to earth, let me but giue him one hearty kisse, and you shall put vs both into one coffin : fetch a looking-glass, see if his breath will not staine it ; or pull out some feathers from my pillow, and lay them to his lippes ; will you loose him for a little paines-taking ? *Hor.* Your kindest office is to pray for him.

Cor. Alas ! I would not pray for him yet. He may liue to lay mee i'th ground, and pray for mee, if you'l let me come to him.

Enter Brachiano all armed, save the beaver; with Flamineo.

Bra. Was this your handy-worke ?

Fla. It was my misfortune.

Cor. Hee lies, hee lies, hee did not kill him : these haue kill'd him, that would not let him be better look't too.

Bra. Haue comfort my grieved mother.

Cor. O you scritch-owle. *Hor.* Forbeare good Madam.

Cor. Let me goe, let me goe.

*S*he runs to Flamineo

The God of heauen forgiue thee. Do'st not wonder with her I pray for thee ? Ile tell thee what's the reason, knife drawne and I haue scarce breath to number twenty minutes ; comming to I de not spend that in cursing. Fare thee well, him, let's it fall.

Halfe of thy selfe lies there : and maist thou liue,

To fill an houre-g'asse with his mouldred ashes,

To tell, how thou shouldest spend the tyme to come,

In blest repentance. *Bra.* Mother, pray tell me

How caine he by his death ? what was the quarrell ?

Cor. Indeed, my yonger boy presum'd too much

Vpon his manhood ; giue him bitter wordes ;

Drew his sword first ; and so I know not how,

For I was out of my wits, he fell withi's head

Iust in my bosome. *Page.* This is not true, Madam.

Cor. I pray thee peace.

One arrow's graz'd already ; it were vaine

T'lose th's : for that will ne're bee found againe.

Bra. Go, beare the body to Cornelius lodg'ng :

And we command that none acquaint our Dutchesse

With

Vittoria Corombona.

With this sad accident : for you Flaminco,
Hearke you, I will not grant your pardon. Fla. No?

Bra. O nely a lease of your life. And that shall last
But for one day. Thou shalt be forc'd each euening to renewe it,
or be hang'd. Fla. At your pleasure.

Lodouico sprinkles Brachiano's beauer with a poison.
Your will is law now, I'lle not meddle with it.

Bra. You once did braue me in your sisters lodging ;
I'lle now keepe you in awe for't. Whete's our beauer?

Fra. He calls for his destruction. Noble youth,
I pitty thy sad fate. now to the barriers.
This shall his passage to the blacke lake further,

The last good deed he did, he pardon'd murther. *Exeunt.*

Charges and shouts: they fight at barriers;
first single paires, then three to three.

Enter Brachiano and Flaminco, with others.

Bra. An Armorer? vds'death an Armorer?

Fla, Armorer; where's the Armorer?

Bra. Teare off my beauer. Fla. Are you hurt, my Lord?

Bra. O my braine's on fire, *Enter Armorer.*

The Helmet is poison'd. Arm. My Lord vpon my soule.

Bra. Away with him to torture.

There are some great ones that haue hand in this,
And neere about me.. Vit. O my loued Lord, poysoned?

Fla. Remoue the barre : heer's vnfortunate revels,
Call the Phisitians ; a plague vpon you ; *Enter 2 Phisitians.*
Wee haue too much of your cunning here already.

I feare the Ambassadours are likewise poysoned.

Bra. Oh! I am gon already : the infection
Flies to the braine and heart. O thou strong heart !
There's such a couenant 'twene the world and it,
They're loath to breake. Gio. O my most loued father :

Bra. Remoue the boy away,
Where's this good woman ? had I infinite worlds
They were too little for thee. Must I leaue thee ?
What say you scrinch-owles, is the venome mortall ?

Phy. Most deadly. Bra. Most corrupted politike hangman !

You

Vittoria Corombona.

You kill without booke; but your art to save,
Failes you as oft, as great mens needy friends.
I that haue giuen life to offending slaves,
And wretched murderers; haue I not power
To lengthen mine owne a twelue-moneth?
Doe not kisse me, for I shall poysone thee.
This vngion is sent from the great Duke of Florence.

Fra. Sir bee of comfort.

Bra. O thou soft naturall death, that are joint-twin,
To sweetest slumber: no rough-bearded Comet,
Stares on thy milde departure: the dull Owle
Beates not against thy casement: the hoarse wolfe
Seats not thy carrion. Pitty windes thy coarse,
Whil'st horrour waites on Princes. Vit. I am lost for euer.

Bra. How miserable a thing it is to die,
'Mongst women howling! What are those. Fla. Franciscan.
They haue brought the extreame vngion.

Bra. On paine of death, let no man name death to me,
It is a word infinitely terrible:
With draw into our Cabinet. Exeunt bus Francisco, and Flaminio.

Fla. To see what solitarinesse is about dying Princes. As heretofore they haue vnpeopled Townes; diuorc't friends, and made great houses vnhospitable: so now, O infstice! where are their flatterers now? Flatterers are but the shadowes of Princes bodies, the least thicke cloud makes them inuisible.

Fra. There's great moane made for him.

Fla. 'Faith, for some few houres salt water will runne must plentifully in euery Office o'th Court. But beleue it; most of them doe but weepe ouer their step-mothers graues.

Bra. How meaneyou?

Fla. Why? They dissemble, as some men doe that liue Within compasse o'th verge.

Fra. Come, you haue thriu'd well vnder him.

Fla. 'Faith, like a wolfe in a womans breast; I haue beene fed with poultry; but for money vnderstand me, I had as good a will to cosen him, as e're an Officer of them all. But I had not cunning enough to doe it,

Vittoria Corombona.

Fra. What did'st thou thinke of him; 'faith, speake freely,

Fla. Hee was a kinde of Statesman, that would sooner haue reckon'd how many Canon bullets he had discharged against a Towne, to count his expence that way, than how many of his valiant and deseruing subiects hee lost before it.

Fra. O, speake well of the Duke. Fla. I haue done.

Will't heare some of my Court-wisedome? Enter Lodouice. To reprehend Princes is dangerous: and to ouer-command some of them, is palpable lying. Fra. How is it, with the Duke?

Lod. Most deadly ill.

Hee's fall'n into a strange distraction.

Hee talkes of Battailles, and Monopolies,
Leuying of taxes, and from that, descends
To the most brain-sicke language. His minde fastens
On twentie severall obiects, which confound
Deepe Sence with follie. Such a fearefull end,
May teach some men that beare too loftie crest,
Though they liue happiest, yet they dye not best:
He hath confer'd the whole State of the Dukedom
Upon your sister, till the Prince arriue
At mature age. Fla. There's: some good lucke in that yet.

Fra. See, heere he comes Enter Brachiano, persented in a bed.
There's death in's face already. Vittoria, and others.

Vit. O my good Lord! Bra. Away, you haue abus'd mee:
You haue conuey'd coyne forth our territories;
Bought and sold offices; oppres'd the poore;
And I ne're dreamt on't. Make vp your accounts;
I'le now bee mine owne Steward. Bra. Sir, haue patience.

Bra. Indeed, I am too blame.
For did you euer heare the duskie rauen
Chide blacknesse? or was't euer knowne, the diuell
Rai'd against clouen Creatures. Vit. O my Lord?

Bra. Let mee haue some quailes to supper. Fla. Sir, you shall.

Bra. No: some fried dog-fish. Your Quailes feed on poyson,
That old-dog-fox, that Polittiian Florence,
I'le forsware hunting and turne dog-killer;
Rare! I'le be freinds with him; for marke you, sir, one dog

Stil.

Vittoria Corombona.

Still sets another a barking : peace, peace,
Yonder's a fine slau'e come in now. *Fla.* Where?

Bra. Why there.

In a blew bonnet, and a paire of breeches,
With a great codpeece. Ha, ha, ha,
Looke you, his codpeece is stucke full of pinnes
with pearles o'th head of them. Doe not you know him?

Fla. No, my Lord. *Bra.* Why 'tis the Deuill,
I know him by a great rose, he weares on's shooe.
To hide his clouen foot : I'le dispute with him.

Hee's a rare linguest. *Vit.* My Lord heer's nothing.

Bra. Nothing? rare? nothing? when I want monie,
Our treasurie is empty, there is nothing;
I'le not bee v's'd thus. *Vit.* O! lyve still, my Lord.

Bra. See, see, *Flamineo* that kill'd his brother,
Is dancing on the ropes there : and hee carries
A mony-bag in each hand, to keepe him eu'en,
For feare of breaking's necke. And there's a Lawyer
In a gowne whipt with velvet, stares and gapes
When the mony will fall. How the rogue cuts capers !
It should haue bin in a halter.

'Tis there ; what's she! *Fla.* Vittoria, my Lord,

Bra. Ha, ha, ha. Her haire is sprinkled with Arras powder, that
makes her looke, as it shee had sinn'd in the Pastry. What's he?

Fla. A Diuine my Lord.

Bra. Hee will be drunke : Auoyd him: th' argument *Brachiano*
is fearefull, when Church-men stagger in't. *seemes here neare*
Looke you ; sixe gray cat's that haue lost their *his end Lodouico*
tailes, cral vp the pillow, send for a Rat-catcher: and *Gasparo* in
I'le doe a mi'acle : I'le free the Court *the habit of Capuchins,*
From all foule vermine. Where's *Flamineo*? *present him in his*

Fla. I doe not like, that he names mee so often, bed, with a *Cru-*
Especiallly on's death-bed : 'tis a sigue *esfixe and hallowed*
I shall not liue long : see hee's neere his end. *candle.*

Lod. Pray giue vs leaue; *Attende Domine Brachiano,*

Fla. See, see how firmly he doth fixe his eye
Vpon the Crucifixe. *Vit.* O, hold it constant,

Vittoria Corombona.

It settles his wild spirits ; and so his eyes
Melt into teares.

By the Crn. Lod. Domine Brachiane, solebas in bello tutus esse tuo clypeo,
cifx. nunc hanc clypeum hosti ino opponas infernali.

Gas. Olim hastā valuisse in bello ; nūc hanc sacram hastam ut
brabis contra hostem animarum.

By the Ho. Lod. Attende Domine Brachiane, si nūc quoque probasca, qua
'owed taper. aetā sunt inter nos, flecte caput in dextrum.

Gas. Esto securus Domine Brachiane : cogita, quantum habeas
meritorum : denique memineris meam animam pro tua oppignorataam
si quid esset periculi.

Lod. Si nūc quoque probasca, qua aetā sunt inter nos, flecte ca-
put in lauum.

He is departing : pray, stand all apart,
And let vs onely whisper in his eares
Some priuate meditations, which our order Here therell
Permits you, not to heare. Gas. Brachiano. being departed, Lo-

Lod. Deuill Brachiano. douico, and Gasparo disconer
Thou art damn'd. Gas. Perpetually. themselues.

Lod. A flauie condemn'd, and giuen vp to the gallowes,
Is thy great Lord and Master. Gas. True : for thou
Art giuen vp to the Deuill. Lod. O you flauie !

You that were helde the famous Polititian ;
Whose art was poysone. Gas. And whose conscience murder.

Lod. That would haue broke your wiues necke downe the
staires, ere she was poison'd. Gas. That had your villanous fallots.

Lod. And fine imbroidered bottles, And perfumes
Equally mortall with a winter plague.

Gas. Now there's Mercury.

Lod. And copresie.

Gas. And quick siluer.

Lod. With other devillish Apothecarie flusse,
A melting in your politike braines : do'st heare.

Gas. This is Count Lodonico. Lod. This, Gasparo.
And thou shalt die like a poore rogue. Gas. And stinke
Like a dead flie-blowne dog.

Lod. And be forgotten before thy funerall sermon.

Vittoria Corombona.

Bra. Vittoria ! Vittoria ! Lod. O the cursed detill
Comes to himselfe againe. Wee are vndone.

Enter Vittoria and the attend.

Gas. Strangle him in private. What ? will you call him againe
To liue in treble torment ? for charity,
For Christian charity, auoyd the chamber.

Lod. You would prate, Sir. This is a true loue knot,
Sent from the Duke of Florence. Brachiano is strangled

Gas. What is it done ?

Lod. The snuffe is out. No woman-keeper i'th world,
Though shee had practis'd seauen yeare at the Pest-houfe,
Could haue don't quaintlier. My Lords, hee's dead.

Omn. Rest to his soule.

Vit. O mee ! this place is hell. Exit Vittoria.

Flo. How heauily she takes it. Fla. O yes, yes ;
Had women nauigable riuers in their eyes
They would dispend them all; surely I wonder,
Why we should wish more riuers to the Citty,
When they sell water soe good cheape. I'le tell thee,
These are but Moonish shades of griefes or feares,
There's nothing sooner drie, then womens teares.
Why heere's an end of all my haruest; he ha's giuen moe nothing;
Court promises ! Let wisemen count them curst
For while you liue, he that scores best, paies worst.

Flo. Sure, this was Florence doing. Fla. Very likely.
Those are found waughty strokes which come from th'hand,
But those are killing strokes which come from th' head.
O the rare trickes of a Machiauillian !

Hee doth not come, like a grosse plodding slau,
And buffet you to death : No, my quaint knaue,
He tickles you to death ; makes you die laughing ;
As if you had swallow'd downe a pound of saffron,
You see thefeat, 'tis practis'd in a trice:
To teach ; Court-honesty, it iumpes on ice.

Flo. Now, haue the people liberty to talke,
And descant on his vices. Fla. Misery of Princes,
That must of force be censur'd by their slaues !

Vittoria Corombona.

Not onely blam'd for doing things are ill,
But, for not doing all, that all men will.
One were better be a thresher.

Vd.'death, I would faine speake with this Duke yet.

Flo. Now hee's dead?

Fla. I cannot coniure; but if praiers or oaths
Will get to th'speech of him: though forty Deuils
Waite on him in his liuery of flames,
I'le speake to him, and shake him by the hand,
Though I be blasted. Fra. Excellent Lodouicō!

What? did you terrifie him at the last gaspe? *Exit Flaminco.*

Lod. Yes, and so idely, that the Duke had like
T'haue terrified vs. Fra. How? *Enter the Moore.*

Lod. You shall heare that hereafter,
See! yon's the infernall, that would make vp sport.
Now to the revelation of that secret,
Shee promis't when she fell in loue with you.

Flo. You're passionately met in this sad world.

Moo. I would haue you looke vp, Sir; these Court-teares
Claime not your tribute to them. Let those weepe,
That guiltily partake in the sad cause.

I knew last night by a sad dreame I had,
Some mischiefe would ensue; yet to say trueth,
My dreame most concern'd you.

Lod. Shall's fall a dreaming?

Fra. Yes, and for fashion sake, I'le dreame with her.

Moo. Mee thought sir, you came stealing to my bed.

Fra. Wilt thou beleue me sweeting, by this light,
I was a dreamt on thee too: for mee thought
I saw thee naked. Moo. Fie sir! as I told you,
Mee thought you lay downe by me.

Fra. So dreamst I;
And least thou should'st take cold, I couer'd the
With this Irish mantle. Moo. Verily I did dreame
You were somewhat bold with me; but to come to't.

Lod. How? how? I hope you will not goe to there,

Fra. Nay; you must heare my dreame out.

Moo.

Vittoria Corombona.

Moore. VVell, sir, forth.

Fra. VVhen I threw the mantle o'rethee, thou didst laugh
Exceedingly me thought. *Moore.* Laugh?

Fra. And cried it out,
Theh aile did tickle thee. *Moore.* There was a dreame indeed.

Lod. Marke her, I prethee, shee sumpers like the suddes
A Collier hath bin wash't in.

Moore. Come, sir; good fortune tends you; I did tell you
I would reueale a secret: *Isabella*
The Duke of Florence sister, was im poison'd
By a fum'd picture: and *Camillo*'s necke
Was broke by damn'd *Flamineo*: the mischance
Laid on a vaulting horse. *Fra.* Most strange!

Moore. Most true. *Lod.* The bed of snakes is broke.

Moore. I sadly doe confesse, I had a hand
In the blacke deed.

Fra. Thou keps't their counsell, *Moore.* Right,
For which, urg'd with contrition, I intend
This night to rob *Vittoria*. *Lod.* Excellent penitence!
Visurers dreame on't, while they sleepe out Sermons.

Moore. To further our escape, I haue entreated
Leaue to retire me, till the funerall,
Vnto a friend i' th country. That excuse
Wil further our escape, In coine and iewels
I shall at least, make good vnto your vse
An hundred thousand crownes. *Fra.* O noble wench!

Lod. Those crownes wee'le share. *Moore.* It is a dowry,
Me thinkes, should make that sun-burnt prouerbe false,
And wash the Ethiop white. *Bra.* It shall, away

Moore. Bee ready for our flight. *Bra.* An houre fore day
O strange discouery! why till now we knew not, *Exit the Moore*
The circumstance of either of their deaths. *Enter Moore.*

Moore. You'le waight about midnight
In the Chappell. *Bra.* There.

Lod. Why now our action's iustified,

Fra. Tush for iustice.
What harmes it Justice? we now, like the partridge

Purge

Vittoria Corombona

Purge the disease with lawrell: for the same,
Shall crowne the enterprise, and quit the shame.

Exeunt.

Enter Flam. and Gasp. at one doore, another way

Giovanni attended.

Gs. The yong Duke. Did you e're see a sweeter Prince?

Fla. I haue knowne a poore womans bastard better fauor'd,
This is behind him: Now, to his face all cōparisons were hateful:
Wife was the Courtly Peacocke, that being a great Minion, and
being compar'd for beauty, by some dottrels that stood by, to
the Kingly Eagle said; the Eagle was a farr fairer bird then
herselfe, not in respect of her feathers, but in respect of her long
Talons. His will grow out in time,

My gratiouse Lord. Gis. I pray leauue mee Sir.

Fla. Your Grace must be meiry: 'tis I haue cause to mourne;
for wot you what said the little boy that rode behind his father
on horsebacke? Gis. Why, what said hee?

Fla. When you are dead father (said he) I hope that I shall
ride in the saddle. O 'tis a braue thing for a man to sit by himselfe,
he may stretch himselfe in the stirrops, looke about, and see the
whole compasse of the Hemisphere, you're now, my Lord, i'th
saddle. Gis. Stud y your praiers, sir, and be penitent,
Twere fit you'd thinke on what hath former bin,
I haue heard griefe nam'd the eldest child of sinne. Exit Giov.

Fla. Study my praiers? he threatens me diuinely,
I am falling to pe ces already: I care not, though like Anacharsis,
I were pounded to death in a morter. And yet that death were
fitter for Vsurers gold, and themselues to be beaten together, to
make a most cordiall cullice for the deuill.
He hath his vnkles villanous looke already Enter Courtier.

In decimo sexto. Now sir, what are you?

Cour. It is the pleasure sir, of the yong Duke,
That you forbear the Presence, and all roomes,
That owe him reverence.

Fla. So, the wolfe and the rauen are very pretty fooles, when
they are yong. Is it your office, sir to keepe me out?

Cour. So the Duke wils.

Fla. Verily, Master Courtier, extremity is not bee vsed
in

Vittoria Corombona.

in all offices: Say, that a gentlewoman were taken out of her bed about midnight, and committed to Castle Angelo, to the Tower yonder, with nothing about her, but her smocke: would it not shew a cruell part in the gentleman porter to lay clame to her vpper garment, p'ull it o're her head and eares; and put her in naked? *Conr.* Very good: you are merrie.

Fla. Doth hee make a Court-eiectment of mee? A flaming firebrand casts more smoke without a chimney, then within. I'c smoo're some of them. *Enter Francisco*
How now? Thou art sad.

Fra. I met eu'en now with the most piteous sight..

Fia. Thou met'st another here, a pittifull Degraded Courtier. *Fra.* Your reverend mother Isgrowne a very old woman in two houres. I found them winding of *Marcello's* coarse; And there is such a solemne melodie, 'Tweene dolefull songes, teares, and sad elegies: Such, as old grandames, watching by the dead, Were wont t'outweare the nights with; that beleue mee, I had no cies to guide mee forth the roome, They were soe o're-charg'd with water. *Fla.* I will see them.

Fra. 'Twere much vncharity in you: for your sight Will add even to their teares. *Fla.* I will see them. They are behind the trauerse. I'le discouer Their superstitious howling.

*Cornelia, the Moore, and 3. other Ladies discouered winding
Marcello's Coarse. A song.*

Cor. This rosemary is wither'd, pray, get fresh; I would haue these herbes grow vp in his graue, When I am dead and rotten. Reach the baycs, I'le tye a garland heere about his head: 'Twill keepe my boy from lightning. This shete I haue kept this twentie yeeres, and euerie daie, Hallow'd it with my praiers; I did not thinke, Hee should haue wore it. *Moo.* Looke you; who are yonder?

Cor. O reach me the flowers.

Moo. Her Ladieship's foolish. *Wom.* Alas! her grieve

Vittoria Corombona.

Hath turn'd her child againe. *Cor.* You're very welcome.
There's Rosemarie for you, and Rue for you, *to Flamineo.*
Hearts-ease for you. I pray make much of it.
I haue left more for my selfe. *Bra.* Ladie, who's this?

Cor. You are, I take it, the graue-maker. *Fla.* So.

Moo. 'Tis Flamineo.

Cor. Will you make mee such a foole? heere's a white hand:
Can bloud so soone be wash't out? Let mee see,
When scritch-owles croake vpon the chimney tops,
Aud the strange Cricket i'th ouen singes, and hoppes,
When yellow spots doe on your handes appeare,
Bee certaine then you of a Coarse shall heare.
Out vpon't, how'tis speckled! h'as handled a toad sure.
Couslip-water is good for the memorie: pray buy mee 3. oun-
ces of't. *Fla.* I would I were from hence. *Cor.* Do you heere,
Ile giue you a saying which my grandmother *sir?*
Was wont, when she heard the bell tolle, to sing o're vnto her lute
Fla. Doe and you will, doe.

Cor. Call for the Robin-Red-breast, and the wren,
Sinc o're shadie groves they houer, Cornelia doth this
in severall former
of distraction.
And with leaves and flowres doe couer
The friendlesse bodies of unburied men.

Call unto his funerall Dole

The Aunce, the field-mouse, and the mole
To care him hillockes, that shall keepe him warme,
And (when gay tombes are rob'd) sustaine no harme,
But keepe the wolfe far thence: that's foe to men,
For with his nailes hee'l dig them vp agen.

They would not bury him, 'cause hee died in a quarrell;
But I haue an answere for them.

Let holie Churche receiue him duly,
Since hee payd the Churche tithes truly.

His wealth is sum'd, and this is all his store:

This poore men get; and great men get no more.

Now the wares are gone, wee may shut vp shoop.

Blesse you all good people, *Excunt Cornelie and Ladie.*

Fla. I haue a strange thing in mee, to th' which

I care

Vittoria Corombona.

I cannot giue a name, without it bee
Compassion, I pray leue mee. *Exit Francisco.*
This night I'le know the vtmost of my fate,
I'le be resolu'd what my rich sister meanes
T'affigne me for my service : I haue liu'd
Riotously ill, like some that liue in Court.
And sometimes, when his face was full of smiles
Haue felt the maze of conscience in my brest.
Oft gay and honour'd robes those torures trie,
,,Wee thinke cag'd birds sing, when indeed they crie.
Ha ! I can stand thee. Neerer, neerer yet.

What a mockery hath death made thee ? thou look'st sad.

In what place art thou ? in yon starrie gallerie,
Or in the cursed dungeon ? No ? not speake ?
Pray, sir, resolute mee, what religion's best
For a man to die in ? or is it in your knowledge
To answere me how long I haue to liue ?
That's the most necessary question.

Not answere ? Are you still, like some great men
That onely walke like shadowes vp and downe,
And to no purpose : say : —

What's that ? O fatall ! he throwes earth vpon mee. *The Ghost*
A dead mans scull beneath the rootes of flowers.

I pray speake sir, our Italian Church-men

Make vs beleue, dead men hold conference

With their familiars, and many times

Will come to bed to them, and eate with them.

Hee's gone ; and see, the scull and earth are vanish't.

This is beyond melancholy, I doe dare my fate

To doe it's worst. Now to my sisters lodging,

And summe vp all these horrours ; the disgrace

The Prince threw on mee ; next the pitous sight

Of my dead brother ; and my Mothers dotage ;

And last this terrible vision. All these

Shall with Vittoria's bounty turne to good,

Or I will drowne this weapon in her blood. *Exit.*

Enter Francisco, Lodouico, and Hortensio.

L 2

Lad.

Enter Brachi. Ghost.
In his leather Caffock & breeches, boots, a coule a pot of lilly-flowers with a scull in't.

throws earth upon him and shewes him the scull.

Exit Ghost.

Vittoria Corombona.

Lod. My Lord, vpon my soule you shall no further.
You haue ridiculously ingag'd your selfe
Too far already. For my part, I haue payd
All my debts: so, if I shou'd chance to fall,
My Creditors fall not with mee; and I vow,
To quite all in this bold assembly,
To the meanest follower. My Lord leue the City,
Or I'lle forswere the murder. Fra. Farewell Lodenico.
If thou do'st perish in this glorious act,
I'lle reare vnto thy memory that fame,
Shall in the ashes keepe aliue thy name.

Hor. Ther's some blacke deed on foote. I'lle presently
Downe to the Cittadell, and raise some force.
These strong Court-factions, that doe brooke noe checks,
In the carreere oft breake the riders neckes.

Fla. What are you at your prayers? Giue o're.

Vit. How Ruffin?

Fla. I come to you 'bout wordly businesse:
Sit downe, sit downe: Nay, stay Blouze, you may heare it,
The doores are fast enough. Vit. Ha, are you drunke?

Fla. Yes, yes, with wormewood water; you shall tast
Some of it presently. Vit. What intends the Fury?

Fla. You are my Lords Executrix, and I claime
Reward for my long seruice. Vit. For your seruice?

Fla. Cometherefore, here is pen and iuke, set downe,
What you will giue me.

Vit. There. Fla. Ha! haue you done alrcady,
Tis a most short conveyance. Vit. I will reade it.
I giue that portion to thee, and no other
Which Cain groan'd vnder, hauing slaine his brother.

Fla. A most Courtly patent to beg by.

Vit. You are a villaine.

Fla. Is't come to this? they say, affrights cure agues:
Thou hast a Deuill in thee; I will trie
If I can scarre him from thee; Nay sit still:
My Lord hath left me yet two case of Jewels
Shall make me scorne your bounty; you shall see them.

Vit.

Enter Vittoria with a
book in her
hand. Zenke
Flamineo,
following
them.

Shee writes.

Vittoria Corombona.

Vit. Sure hee's distract. Zan. O hee's desperate! *He Enters*
For your owne safetye give him gentle language. *with two case*
Fla. Looke, these are better far at a dead lift, *of pistols.*
Then all your iewell house. Vit. And yet mee thinkes,
These stones haue no faire lustre, they are ill set.

Fla. I'le turne the right side towards you : you shall see how
they will sparkle. Vit. Turne this horror from mee :
What doe you want? what would you haue mee doe?
Is not all mine, yours? haue I any children?

Fla. Pray thee, good woman, doe not trouble mee
With this vaine worldly busynesse; say your prayers,
I made a vow to my deceased Lord,
Neither your selfe, nor I should out-liue him
The numbring of foure houres. Vit. Did he enioyne it.

Fla. He did, and 'twas a deadly iealousie,
Least any should enioy thee after him,
That vrg'd him vow me to it: For my death,
I did propound it voluntarily, knowing,
If he could not be safe in his owne Court
Being a great Duke, what hope then for vs?

Vit. This is your melancholy, and dispaire. Fla. Away,
Foole thou art, to thinke that Polititians
Doe vse to kill the effects of iuries
And let the cause liue : shall we groane in irons,
Or be a shamefull, and a waighty burthen
To a publike scaffold: This is my resolute:
I would not liue at any mans entreaty,
Nor die, at any's bidding. Vit. Will you heare me?

Fla. My life hath done seruice to other men,
My death shall serue mine owne turne; make you ready.

Vit. Doe you meane to die indeed.

| Fla. With as much pleasure,
As e're my father'gat me. Vit. Are the doores lockt?

Zan. Yes Madam.

Vit. Are you growne an Atheist? will you turne your body,
Which is the goodly palace of the soule,
To the soules slaughter house? O the cursed Dcuill

Vittoria Corombona

Which doth present vs with all other sinnes
Thrice candied o're; Despaire, with gaule and stibium.
Yet we carouse it off; Cry out for helpe,
Makes vs forsake that which was made for Man,
The world, to sinke to that was made for deuils,
Eternall darkenesse. *Zan.* Helpe, helpe. *Fla.* I'le stop your throate
With Winter plums, *Vit.* I preethee yet remember,
Millions are now in graues, which at last day
Like Mandrakes shall rise shreeking. *Fla.* Leauue your prating,
For these are but grammatical laments,
Feminine arguments, and they moue mee,
As some in Pulpits moue their Auditory
More with their exclamation, then sence
Of reason, or sound Doctrine. *Zan.* Gentle Madam.
Seeme to consent, onely perswade, him teach
The way to death; let him die first.

Vit. 'Tis good, I apprehend it,
To kill one's selfe is meate that we must take
Like pills, not chew't, but quickly swallow it,
The smart o'th wound, or weakenesse of the hand,
May else bring treble torments. *Fla.* I haue held it
A wretched andmost miserable life,
Which is not able to die. *Vit.* O but frailty!
Yet I am now resolu'd, farewell affliction:
Behold *Brachiano*, I that while you liu'd
Did make a flaming Altar of my heart
To sacrifice vnto you; Now am ready
To sacrifice heart and all. Farewell *Zanche*.

Zan. How Madam? Doe you thinke that i'le outlive you?
Especially when my best selfe *Flamineo*
Goes the same voyage. *Fla.* O most loued Moore!

Zan. Onely by all my loue let mee entreat you;
Since it is most necessary one of vs
Doe violence on our selues; let you or I
Be her sad taster, teach her how to die.

Fla. Thou dost instruct me nobly, take these pistols,
Because my hand is stain'd with bloud already:

Vittoria Corombona.

Two of these you shall leuell at my brest,
Th'other 'gainst your owne, and so we'l dye,
Most equally contented: But first sweare
Not to out-live me. *Vit.* & *Moo.* Most religioufly.

Fla. Then here's an end of me, fare-well day-light
And O contemptible Phyfickē I that dost take
So long a study, onely to preserue
So short a life, I take my leaue of thee.
These are two cupping-glasses, that shall draw
All my infected bloud out,
Are you ready? *Both.* Ready.

Shewing the
pistols.

Fla. Whither shall I go now? O *Lucian* thy ridiculous Pur-gatory, to finde *Alexander* the great cobling shooes, *Pompey* tag ging points, and *Julius Cesar* making haire buttons, *Hannibal* sell ing blacking, and *Augustus* crying garlickē, *Charlemaigne* selling lists by the dozen, and King *Pippin* crying Apples in a cart, drawn with one horse.

Whether I resolute to Fire, Earth, water, Aire.
Or all the Elements by scruples; I know not,
Nor greatly care, —— Shoote, shoote,
Of all deaths, the violent death is best,
For from our selues it steales our selues so fast,
The paine once apprehended, is quite past.

Vit. What are you drop't.

Fla. I am mix't with Earth already: As you are Noble,
Performe your vowes, and brauely follow mee.

Vit. Whither to hell? *Zan.* To most assured damnation.

Vit. O thou most cursed deuill. *Zan.* Thou art caught

Vit. In thine owne Engine, I tread the fire out
That would haue bin my ruine.

They shoote
and run to
him & tread
upon him.

Fla. Will you be periur'd? what a religious oath was Stix,
that the Gods never durst sweare by, and violate? O, that wee had
such an oath to minister, and to be so well kept in our Courts of
Iustice. *Vit.* Thinke whither thou art going. *Zan.* And remeber
What villanies thou hast acted. *Vit.* This thy death
Shall make me like a blazing ominous starre,
Looke vp and tremble. *Fla.* O I am caught with a springe!

Vit.

Vistoria Corombona.

Vit. You see the Foxe comes many times short home,
Tis here prou'd true. *Fla.* Kil'd with a couple of braches.

Vit. No fitter offering for the infernall Furies,
Then one in whom they raign'd, while hee was liuing.

Fla. O, the waices darke and horrid ! I cannot see,
Shall I haue noe company ? *Vit.* O yes, thy sinnes
Doe runne before thee to fetch fire from hell,
To light thee thither.

Fla. O, I smell foote, most stinking foote ; the chimnie is a fire ;
My liuer's parboil'd, like scotch holly-bread ;
There's a plummier laying pipes in my guts, it scaulds ;
Wilt thou outlie mee ? *Zan.* Yes ; and driue a stake
Through thy body ; for wee'le giue it out,
Thou didst this violence vpon thy selfe.

Fla. O cunning Deuils ? now I haue tri'd your loue,
And doubled all your reaches. I am not wounded : Flamineo
riseth.
The pistols held no bullets : 'twas a plot
To proue your kindnesse to mee ; and I liue
To punish your ingratitude ; I know,
One time or other, you would finde a way,
To giue me a strong potion, O Men,
That lye vpon your death-beds, and are haunted
With howling wiues ; neere trust them, they'le re-marry,
Ere the worme peirce your winding sheete ; ere the Spider
Make a thinne curtaine for your Epitaphes.

How cunning you were to discharge ? Doe you practise at
the Artillery-yard ? Trust a woman ? never, never ; *Brachiano* be
my president : we lay our sou'es to pawn to the Deuill for a lit-
tle pleasure, and a woman makes the bill of sale. That euer man
should marry ! For one *Hypermnestra* that sau'd her Lord and
Husband, fourty nine of her sisters cut their husbands throates
all in one night. There was a shole of vertuous horse-leeches :
Here are two other Instruments. Enter *Lod. Gasp. Pedro, Carlo.*

Vit. Helpe, helpe.

Fla. What noise is that ? ha ? false keies i'th Court.

Lod. We haue brought you a Maske *Fla.* A matachine it seemes
By your drawne swords.

Churchmen

Vittoria Corombona.

Church-men turn'd reue'lers. Con. Isabella, Isabella,
Lod. Doe you know vs now? Fla. Lodouico and Gasparo;

Lod. Yes and that Moore the Duke gaue pension to,
Was the great Duke of Florence. Vst. O we are lost.

Fla. You shall not take Iustice from forth my hands,
O let me kill her. --- Ille cut my safty

Through your coates of steele, Fate's a Spaniell,
Wee cannot beat it from vs: what remaines now?

Let all that doe ill, take this president:

Man may his Fate foresee, but not prevent.

And of all Axiomes this shall winne the prize,
Tis better to be fortunate then wise.

Gas. Bind him to the piller. Vst. O your gentle pitty:
I haue seene a black-bird that would sooner fly
To a mans bosome, then to stay the gripe
Of the fierce Sparrow-hawke. Gas. Your hope deceives you.

Vst. If Florence be i'th Court, would hee would kill mee.

Gas. Foole! Princes giue rewards with their owne hands,
But death or punishment by the handes of others.

Lod. Sirha you once did strike mee, Ille strike you
Unto the Center.

Fla. Thoul't doe it like a hangman; a base hangman;
Not like a noble fellow, for thou seest;
I cannot strike againe. Lod. Dost laugh?

Fla. Wouldest haue me dye, as I was borne, in whining?

Gas. Recommend your self to heauen.

Fla. Noe, I will carry mine owne commendations thither.

Lod. Oh could I kill you forty times a day,
And vs't foure yeere together; 'twere to little;
Nought greeu's but that you are to few to feede
The famine of our vengeance. What dost thinke on?

Fla. Nothing; of nothing: leauue thy idle questions,
I am ith way to study a long silence,
To prate were idle I remember nothing,
Ther's nothing of so infinite vexation
As mans owne thoughts. Lod. O thou glorious strumpet,
Could I diuide thy breath from this pure aire

M

When?

Vittoria Corombona.

When't leaues thy body, I would sucke it vp,
And breath't vpon some dunghill. *Vit.* You, my Deathsman;
Me thinkes thou dost not looke horrid enough,
Thou haft to good a face to be a hangman,
If thou be, doe thy office in right forme;
Fall downe vpon thy knees, and aske forgiuenesse.

Lod. O, thou last bin a most prodigious comet,
But I'le cut of your traine: kill the Moore first.

Vit. You shall not kill her first: behould my breast,
I will be waited on in death; my seruant
Shall neuer goe before me. *Gas.* Are you so braue?

Vit. Yes I shall wellcome death
As Princes doe some great Embassadors; I'le meeete thy weapon
halfe way. *Lod.* Thou dost tremble?
Mee thinkes feare should dissolute thee into ayre

Vit. O, thou art deceiu'd, I am too true a woman:
Conceit can never kill me: I'le tell thee what,
I will not in my death shed one base teare.
Or if looke pale, for want of blood, not feare.

Cor. Thou art my taske, blacke Fury. *Zan.* I haue blood
As red as either ^{of} theirs; wilt drinke some?
'Tis good for the falling sicknesse: I am proud
Death cannot alter my complexion,
For I shall nere looke pale. *Lod.* Strike, strike,
With a Ioint motion. *Vit.* Twas a manly blow
The next thou giu'st murder some sucking Infant,
And then thou wilt be famous. *Fla.* O, what blade ist?
A Toledo, or an English Fox.

I euer thought a Cutler should distinguish
The cause of my death, rather then a Doctor.
Search my wound deeper: tent it with the steele that made it.

Vit. O! my greatest sinne lay in my blood;
Now my blood paies for't. *Fla.* Th'art a noble sister
I loue thee now; if woman doe breed man
Shee ought to teach him manhood: Fare thee well.
Know, many glorious women that are fam'd
For masculine vertue, haue bin vicious,

Onely

Vittoria Corombona.

Onely a happier silence did betyde them:
Shee hath noe faults, who hath the art to hide them:

Vit. My soule, like to a ship in a blacke storme,
Is driuen, I know not whither. *Fla.* Then cast anclor.
„Prosperitie doth bewitch men seeming cleere,
„But seas, doe laugh, shew white, when rocks are neere.
„Wee cease to grieue, cease to be fortunes flauers,
„Nay cease to dye by dying. Art thou gon?
And thou so neare the bottome: false reporte,
Which saies that women vie with the nine Muses,
For nine tough durable liues: I doe not looke
Who went before, nor who shall follow mee;
Noe, at my selfe I will begin and end.
„While we looke vp to heauen we confound
„Knowledge with knowledge. O, I am in a mist.

Vit. O happy they that neuver saw the Court,
„Nor euer knew great Men but by report.

Vittoria dyes.

Fla. I recouer like a spent taper, for a flash
And instantly goe out.

Let all that belong to Great men remember th' old wiues tra-
dition, to be like the Lyons Pth Tower on Candlemas day, to
mourne: if the Sunne shine, for feare of the pitifull remainder of
winter to come.

“Tis well yet, there's some goodnesse in my death,
My life was a blacke charnell: I haue caught
An everlasting could. I haue lost my voice
Most irrecoverably: Farewell glorious villaines;
„This busie trade of life apperaes most vaine,
„Since rest breeds rest, where all seeke paine by paine.
Let no harsh flattering Bells resound my knell,
Strike thunder, and strike lowde to my farewell.

Enter Embassad: and Giovanni.

Eng. E. This way, this way, breake ope the doores, this way.

Lod. Ha, are wee betraid?

Why then let's constantly dye all together,
And hauing finish't this most noble deede,
Defy the worste of fate; not feare to bleed.

Vittoria Corombona.

Eng. Keepe backe the Prince, shoot, shoot,

Lod. O, I am wounded,

I feare I shall be ta'ne. *Gio.* You bloudy villaines,

By what authority haue you committed

This Massacre? *Lod.* By thine. *Gio.* Mine?

Lod. Yes, thy vngle, which is part of thee, enioyn'd vs to't:

Thou know'st me I am sure, I am Count *Lodowicke*,

And thy most noble vngle in disguise

Was last night in thy Court. *Gio.* Ha!

Car. Yes, that Moore thy father chose his pensioner,

Gio. He turn'd murderer?

Away with them to prison, and to torture;

All that haue hands in this, shall tast our iustice,

As I hope heauen. *Lod.* I doe glory yet,

That I can call this act mine owne: For my part,

The racke, the gallowes, and the torturing whelle

Shall bee but sound sleepes to mee, here's my rest:

„ I limm'd this night-peccce and it was my best.

Gio. Remoue the bodies, see my honoured Lord,

What vse you ought make of their punishment.

Let guilty men remember their blacke deedes,

Doe leane on crutches, made of slender reedes.

In stead of an Epilogue, onely this of *Martial* sup-
plies me.

Hac fuerint nobis praemia, si placuit.

For the action of the play, 'twas generally well, and I dare af-
firme, with the loint testimony of some of their owne quality,
(for the true imitation of life, without striuing to make nature a
monster) the best that euer became them: whereof, as I make a
generall acknowledgement, so in particular, I must remember
the well approued industrie of my friend *Master Perkins*, and
confesse the worth of his action did Crowne both the begin-
ning and end.

FINIS.

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